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T H E

ADVENTURES

Rick. & Co. OF *Weller*

7. 1/2 **DICK HAZARD.** *K*

7. 1/2 ——— *Nemo sine Vitiis nascitur*
Optimus ille est qui minimio urgetur.

HOR.

7. 1/2 English'd,

Man cannot be with perfect Virtue blist;
He who errs least, deserves the title best.

7. 1/2 L O N D O N :

Printed and sold by W. REEVE, at
Shakespear's-Head, in Fleet-Street.

7. 1/2 M DCC LV.

1847
JAN 10
CO. NO. 3

DICKINSON

CHARLES DICKINSON

The Editor of the

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T H E
C O N T E N T S.

B O O K I.

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THE

T O

JOHN MAGILL, Esq;

Member of Parliament for the Borough of
Rathcornuck, in the Kingdom of *Ireland*.

S I R,

IT is a Maxim confirmed by
Experience, that those who
most disinterestedly exert pub-
lic Spirit, are always the most
cautious of popular Applause;
and shun the Tinsel of Pane-
gyric, as a paltry Addition to
the genuine Worth of Sterling
Integrity. Considering you in
this Light, I am under some Ap-
prehension, that this Address
may not prove so agreeable to
you, as I would wish every Ac-
tion of my Life to be; however,
I hope for Excuse, since I go no
far-

D E D I C A T I O N.

farther, than in this public Manner to profess my inviolable Esteem and Respect for the many excellent Qualifications, which render you valuable to every Person of true Discernment, at the same Time that they communicate unspeakable Satisfaction and Advantage, to all who have the Happiness of your Acquaintance and Countenance ; among which latter Number I place myself, and beg Leave therefore to shelter the following Sheets under the Sanction of your Patronage, and to subscribe myself

Your most obedient,

and very humble Servant,

The AUTHOR.



T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F
DICK HAZARD.

B O O K the First.

C H A P. I.

Some introductory Matter—Our Hero's Origin traced—His Father described—A short Account of his Progress at School—His Removal from thence to the University—His Set of University Acquaintance described—The Advantages he received by his Connection with them—An Adventure—A Club of Rationalists mentioned, of which young Hazard became a Member—Part of

B the

the Institution described — The Consequence of that Club—Our Hero's manner of leaving College, and his Determination for a new Scene of Life.

CANDID, noble or puissant Reader, (if none of these Titles suit your Rank or Taste, chuse one more agreeable,) you and I are now commencing an Intimacy, which, if you have Patience and Curiosity, is like to continue thro' the Work ; at the Close of which I hope we shall part as good Friends as we meet. Receive then, at my Hands, the Adventures of a Man who has ran, and scrambled thro' many various Scenes of Life ; who has been most surprizingly whirled about by the precarious Wheel of tricky Madam Fortune, that partial Object of human Idolatry ; who, as the *Roman* Satyrist justly observes, owes her Deification to the Folly of Mankind.

From many Incidents which occur in the following Sheets, Prosperity, if it
deigns

deigns to think, will be taught the Necessity of Caution; and Adversity will be rescued from Despair, by many Examples of unexpected Assistance; which Gratitude and good Sense must undoubtedly attribute, to the favourable Interposition of a providential Influence.

Our Hero derived his Being from the conjugal Endeavours of *Jonathan Hazard*, a Merchant in the City of *Cork*, and *Mary* Wife to the said *Jonathan*. The good Woman survived the Birth of her Son but a few Months, which affected her Husband with the most sensible Concern; as from her good Sense, engaging Disposition, Simplicity of Manners, and Honesty of Heart, he had proposed to himself a pleasing Prospect of mutual Felicity. But Death clouded the Scene, and left him only Time to efface the Remembrance; and *Dick*, the Offspring of their tender Love, to engage his Attention and Care.

Mr. *Hazard* enjoyed a considerable Fortune, and launched into Trade ve-

ry extensively. He was a Man of most industrious Application to Business, to which was added a boundless Generosity; and tho' his Youth had not been blessed with the Advantages which accrue from a classical Education, yet his natural good Sense, and minute Observations of the various Ranks of Mankind, convinced him that forming the Mind, and strengthening, by literary Helps, the Understanding, is the only true Way to render a Man useful and ornamental to Society; for which Reason he resolved to exert his utmost Endeavours, in having his Son's Morals and Intellects fitted to the Management and right Application of that Fortune, which parental Affection was industriously preparing for him.

To this End, at a proper Age, he had him instructed to read; not as is too generally the Case, by a Person who *parroted*, but one who made him *understand* what he read; also the Reasons for various Articulations of Words, and Modulations of Voice. One necessary
Precaution

Precaution was used, that of not giving any Piece to his Perusal but such as served to ripen, without oppressing his Faculties ; nor was he suffered to cast his Eyes upon any Composition which could debase or mislead his Imagination, by creating immoral or wild Ideas.

From childish Studies he was transplanted to a Grammar-School ; and while he was there collecting the Rudiments of classical Knowledge, his Father took Care that intermediate Spaces should furnish him with *French*, and those other polite Accomplishments of Dancing and Fencing: And to do our Hero Justice, tho' he did not manifest an extraordinary Genius, he nevertheless, by a Sort of hereditary Application, made a tolerable Proficiency in all those Branches of Study which were proposed to him; and conducted himself in a manner so conformable to his Father's Wishes, that every Day increased paternal Affections.

At the Age of Seventeen he was judged to be thoroughly qualified for

the University, whither the old Gentleman resolved he should go to finish what the School had so successfully began; for this Purpose Mr. *Hazard* got together the necessary Materials for a Journey, and set out with his Son for *Dublin*, that he might personally see the Object of his Care settled in that learned Seminary called T—— C——.

As no Incidents, worthy to be related, happened from the Time our Travellers left *Cork* 'till they arrived in the Metropolis, with the Reader's Leave we shall place them at the End of their Journey; where, with all convenient Speed, the necessary Steps for settling our Hero in the College were taken: Commodious Chambers were provided, accommodated with a handsome Collection of Books, and every other Conveniency adapted to the Place: A suitable Allowance appointed for *Dick's* Pocket, and a very tender Charge delivered to his Tutor; also another given to an Uncle who lived in Town, that he

he should inspect the Lad's Conduct, and furnish him with every necessary reasonable Appointment—Matters thus disposed, after a Month's Stay, the good Father presenting *Dick* with Twenty Guineas, as an extraordinary Mark of Favour, set out for his Residence in *Cork*, where a Multiplicity of material Transactions loudly called for his personal Attendance. His parting with his Son somewhat affected him, being their first Separation; and our Hero was no less touched, as he had a very tender and just grounded Affection for his Father: However, one comforted himself with the Expectation of seeing his Son come forth an Honour to his Family; and the other felt that secret Satisfaction, which every Breast confesses at being vested with some Degree of-Self disposal and Command.

Mr. *Hazard* had not parted from his Son long, before several Youngsters, with more Art than Money, marked him out as a most desirable Acquain-

tance, to strengthen their precarious Finances; which Purpose he seemed well calculated for, being a flush and unexperienced *Freshman*;—Lest the Title *Freshman* should to the Majority of Readers prove a technical Term, it is incumbent upon me to inform them, that every Scholar at his first Entrance is stiled a *Freshman*; which sarcastical Appellation continues 'till his Gown undergoes the severe Discipline of several considerable Rents, 'till the Wearer looks more like a Scarecrow than a Student.

The Rooks exerted the whole of their Art to lead this Pidgeon into all such Extravagance as they wished to enjoy, but could not fairly support. They found him fillily tractable, and ready to imbibe any Principles; which cultivable Failing they soon so happily improved, that *Dick's* Eyes began to be opened, as he thought; and every Moment that he devoted to Reflection, served only more fully to convince him, that Study was calculated for nothing

thing but to waste Time, which might be employed to much nobler Ends; nor served any Purposes, but to pall the desirable Enjoyments of Life. Being confirmed in the Belief of those fashionable Principles, by the frequent Remonstrances of his very good Friends, he collected Resolution enough to withstand the salutary Admonitions of his Tutor, nor could his Uncle's Influence restrain him; Study was entirely laid aside, and he daily broke thro' the collegiate Rules, disregarding the pecuniary Mulcts laid on in such Cases — I won't say how judiciously, as it is plundering the Parents for the Errors of their Children — His Name began to be perfectly well known thro' all the Brothels in Town, where he was both feared and revered. Seldom a Night passed but he and his dependant Companions, scaling the College Walls, sallied forth, and with unparalleled Intrepidity assaulted every defenceless Person they met, and bestowed Wounds very plentifully to every

unhappy Wretch who was audacious enough to question the Legality of their violent Assaults. It would be tedious and impertinent to trouble the Reader with a Recapitulation of their conjunctive Heroism. Let one Exploit give an Idea of the whole: An Exploit which, however wantonly barbarous it may seem, we assert to be literally true.

The Martial-junto, so we call *Dick* and his Associates, scouring the Streets one Night, or rather one Morning, happened to meet an old Woman, who in the Character of a Midwife was going to the Assistance of a Woman in Labour. Our worthy Hectors, to the Amount of a Dozen, seized this Object as a noble Prize. A Council was called to determine how she should be treated; many curious Punishments were devised, but none met with such universal Applause as making a Pin-cushion of her Posteriors. This happy Piece of Amusement was no sooner suggested, than they proceeded to the Execution of it, first stopping the tormented

mented Creature's Mouth; nevertheless, before they had satiated their Cruelty, she made a Shift to bawl out and alarm the Watch. The Heroes, whose Courage may be guessed at by their Action, endeavoured to fly from the civil Power; but being surrounded, after a slight Resistance, wherein they manifested the greatest Pusillanimity, they were conveyed to the Watch-house; where having nothing to bribe with but good Words, Mr. Constable thought fit to detain them till Morning, when they were introduced to a Justice of the Peace. He finding they were Scholars of the College, contented himself with reprimanding them severely, and writing a Letter to the Provost, ordering the Constable to wait on them with the said Letter; but that Subaltern Officer very judiciously excused himself, by remonstrating, that one of his unholy Function would certainly undergo the Discipline of the Pump, or somewhat worse, if caught within the College Walls: Upon which

which the Justice ordered a Coach, and taking two of the Revellers, our Hero being one, into it with him, proceeded directly to the Provost, to whom he delivered them up, with an Account of how they came into his Custody.

Dick and his Fellow Prisoners were now under a Necessity of revealing their Comrades; whom the Justice, knowing they must be found out, let slip. To sum up the whole, they were all publickly admonished; and as *Dick* had many more Complaints against him, a very disagreeable Journal of his Proceedings was transmitted to his Father; who thereupon cut off one half of the Allowance he had made him, and wrote to his Brother to acquaint *Dick*, that if he did not behave himself with more Precaution, and endeavour, by future Application and Regularity, to atone the great Errors he had been guilty of, that he would lose a Father's Affection, and with it all the Hopes he could have of future Settlement in Life.

This

This Commission his Uncle faithfully executed, by representing to him the evil Consequences of Perseverance in Folly; which Representation was made with all the intimidating Circumstances, that a Mind sincerely attached to his Welfare could suggest; but vicious Prodigality had gained too great an Ascendency over the virtuous Principles he had been early furnished with—So soon may bad Company render the Precaution of Instruction abortive.—So great a Slave was he to every unruly and worthless Passion, that rebellious Youth and depraved Example could strengthen or create, that he resolved not to contract his Expences, nor alter his Behaviour: In short, his Collection of Books were applied to the first Deficiency of Cash. Those indeed were no great Loss, as he had for a considerable Time neglected them; but the next Exigence disrobed him of half his Wardrobe; then the Furniture of his Rooms gradually departed; nay, at last his very Bed went
to

to pay the Expence of one Night's Revelry. When he was thus, as we may literally say, unfeathered, his very good Friends, who had taken so much Pains to initiate him a Blood, stood aloof; and looking upon him as entirely ruined, avoided him with the same Coldness, as Levee-hunters shun a displaced Statesman.

Reflection now visited our Hero, and presented many shocking Images to View; among the rest a Father's Displeasure, and its inevitable concomitant Poverty stared him in the Face. While he was in this miserable Situation Mr. *Hazard* came to Town, and in Spite of the just Provocation his Son's dissolute Behaviour had given him, paternal Affection taught him to Pity *Dick's* melancholy Appearance; and upon the most solemn Promises of a sincere Contrition, reinstated him in his former, or rather an improved Situation: Recommended him again to his Tutor and Uncle; gave him, during a Month that he stayed with him, many

ny excellent Documents: Represented, with the Cordiality of a Friend, rather than the Authority of a Father, how near he had been to Ruin, and how irretrievably similar Conduct must plunge him into Contempt and Misery, and then once more set out for *Cork*; comforting himself with an Opinion, that the Taste of Adversity his Son had seemed so shocked with, must undoubtedly intimidate him from the Paths leading to Destruction; and, in this Light, he considered what at first had given him considerable Uneasiness, as a happy Incident, since Good frequently springs from Evil, and Experience is the best Monitor.

This Expectation of Mr. *Hazard* was so far from being extravagant, that we think it a very natural Inference from the Circumstance of Things; yet as Distress had made a very slight Impression on our Hero, he shortly relapsed, and was not only foolish, but mean enough to renew his Intimacy with those Vultures, whose insatiable
Vices

Vices had led him into such a Dilemma. He now again blazed forth, and had the Happiness, thro' the industrious Assistance of some of his Companions, who were mostly well calculated for the laudable Office of Pimping, to debauch several of those unhappy Females, who by Poverty or ill Conduct are laid open to the Attacks of Profligates. Nor was this the only Part of polite Life our Hero signalized himself in; he was chief Arbitrator in all theatrical Disputes, and suppressed or promoted Riots just as he thought fit.

For some Months he went on swimmingly, 'till the following Circumstance made a remarkable Change in his Affairs.

Dick and three or four of his most enterprizing Intimates, to prove that their Time was not entirely spent in Dissipation, frequently entered into controversial Disputes on theological Points; which they handled with such amazing Dexterity and profound Penetration,

netration, that their Disquisitions ended in a thorough Conviction, that the Belief of a Supreme Being was stretching Faith to a considerable Length: All Forms of Worship were laughed at; and Reason, unclogged with Priestcraft, as they called it, set up for the Idol of human Worship.

These pretended Rationalists instituted a weekly Club, one Rule of which was, that after two Rounds of Women, no Toast should be given but such as weak-headed Christians would call a blasphemous one. This being agreed to, every one endeavoured to exert his Talent of Invention; and indeed such a Proficiency was made in this diabolical Institution, as appeared afterwards, as must shock even decent Infidelity; such as cannot be related, or if it were, must be so offensive, as very justly to draw on us the Displeasure of our Readers.

One Night being more vociferous than usual, some of their less abandoned Contemporaries, from a contiguous

guous Apartment, heard them ; who, knowing their Voices, and hearing their Names occasionally mentioned, gave Information to the Provost, who having on public Examination convicted three, our Hero being one of the Number, of such Expressions as Libertinism scarce ever produced before, they were ignominiously expelled ; two others less culpable were admonished, and a third was rusticated.

This melancholy Story reaching the Ears of Mr. *Hazard*, almost deprived him of Reason. He now saw the Scheme of parental Happiness, which he had laid down for himself, entirely destroyed ; thus irritated, thus driven to a Degree of Despair, he resolved to abandon his once much-loved Son, and declared by Letter that he would neither see him, nor hear of him, however painful such a Resolution might prove to a Father's Heart.

This dreadful Determination, (which *Dick* had great Reason to believe his
Father

Father would keep, knowing him to be slow, but unshakeable in his Resolves,) was communicated to him by a Letter from his Uncle, who expressed great Concern, that he had so much contributed to his own Ruin, which he feared must be the direct Consequence of his unpardonable Licentiousness; such as he was sure his Father would never forgive, and which rendered him as obnoxious to his Uncle as to his Father: Adding, that he sent inclosed a Bill of twenty Pounds, which he would insert in his Account; assuring him, that he was resolved never to consider him as a Relation again.

Upon Receipt and serious Perusal of this melancholy Epistle, Reason for the first Time truly dawned upon his obscured, his clouded Mind. He saw Misery in her most terrifying Shapes compass him about, nor leave one probable Pass for an Escape. After ruminating some Time on the unhappy Situation of his Affairs, he collected the small Remains of his Extravagance
out

out of the College, and metamorphosed them into ten Pounds ready Specie, which added to the Sum sent by his Uncle made Thirty—A poor Stock for one who had often sunk three or four Guineas at a Sitting. However, he considered that somewhat was necessary to be done, and after some Time spent in determining what Course to take, he resolved to try whether the Knowledge he had gained at Billiards might not prove profitable; a Game he had more studied and practiced from his entering the College, than any Part of literary Knowledge.

Having thus traced our Hero to the Point, from whence unassisted and friendless he launched into the dangerous Sea of Life; no Pilot to guide him clear of the Shoals and Eddies; no Fortune or Experience to shield against the Tempests, which shatter frail Humanity; we think it a proper Period for closing this our first Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. II.

Dick sets out in his new Profession with indifferent Success—His Loss soon repaired—The Balance of three Months Industry summed up—Commences a Smart—At the Play meets a Person, with whom he cultivates an Intimacy—Goes to a Cock-match, with the several Turns of Fortune, for and against him—Improves his Situation and Wardrobe—Gets pleasing Intelligence concerning the Person he met at the Theatre—Improves the Intimacy—Negotiates a material Transaction.

THE imprudent Subject of these Sheets having brought his Affairs to the disagreeable Crisis we have mentioned in the preceding Chapter; and having, as we have likewise hinted, resolved upon the terrible Resource of Gaming, lost no Time in putting his Resolution in Practice, but went to a Billiard-Table, which was frequented by a great Variety of Company, and there, at his Inaugura-

Inauguration as a Gamester, for hitherto he had only play'd for Amusement, he lost one Third of his entire Stock, viz. ten Pounds. This somewhat gloom'd the Project he had propos'd to his Imagination, and made him hesitate for some Time whether he should venture farther; but what has Reason to do with a State of Desperation? The next Day he went to the same Rendezvous of Sharpers and Bubbles; when by getting upon, what they call, the right Side, he repaired his Loss, and found besides a Balance in his Favour. This Stroke of Luck afforded him a fresh Flow of Spirits, and gave him a less shocking Idea of his Condition. It would be irksomely tedious to recapitulate the various Fluctuations of Fortune, for the first three Months; let it suffice in general to observe, that at the End of that Space, he had increased his original Sum of thirty, to one hundred and fifty Pounds; from which Success he very modestly concluded, allowing for an Increase of Experience,
that

that he should easily clear four or five hundred a Year.

Being possessed of the Sum we have mentioned, he quite forgot, or worse, contemned his Father, and no longer felt the Wound his Character had received through a shameful Expulsion from the College; false Pride, which was the reigning Foible of his Heart, exulted in being independant, as he now thought himself. With the Finances his Views were extended, and he resolved to get, if possible, into an higher Sphere of Sharping; for which Purpose, having discovered that Dress is one of the principle Recommendations in Life, he made as smart an Appearance as his Fund would possibly admit, without coming so close as to want trading Stock; for this we must observe of him, that tho' he commenced Rascal, yet he was so far prudent as to exercise an Oeconomy, which under his Father's Care would have made him happy.

Going one Night to the Play, he
chanced

chanced into a Balcony or Green-Box, where a very agreeable Lady was sitting alone, with whom he entered into Conversation. The Strength of her Judgment, for they debated upon critical Matters, which gave her an Opportunity of displaying it, and the Affability of her Address, in Conjunction with her personal Charms, so struck our Hero, that, forgetting his Character, he viewed her with disinterested Esteem.

At the Conclusion of the Entertainment, he preferred a Request, that the Lady would give him Leave to wait upon her Home. This for some Time she declined, but on being further urged to Compliance, by many complimentary and gallant Declarations, her good Nature prevailed, and with a peculiar Complacency she committed herself to the Care of *Dick*, who immediately handed her to a Coach, and communicated her Directions to the Driver. When they arrived at the Door of her Lodging, she politely thanked her Conductor for the Trouble he had taken, and wished him a good Night.

He

He took a very particular Survey of the House, resolving, if possible, to cultivate an Intimacy with the Lady, as she appeared to him possessed of very engaging Qualifications; and, for aught he knew, might be furnished with that most essential one, a good Fortune. Having ruminated on this Point, during the better Part of the Night, he resolved upon taking every possible Step to come at a Knowledge of her Circumstances; however, his proceedings, to this End, could not be immediate, as there was to be a grand Cock-Match; to which, as he thought it a good Opportunity for making Money, his Attention was devoted for several succeeding Days.

Upon the first Day's Sport, as it is called, our Hero's ill Luck struck so deep into his Stock, that it was reduced to less than twenty Pounds. This filled him with new Apprehensions; Beggary again stared him in the Face; however, the next Day somewhat eased him, as he came off thirty Pounds winner.

C

But

But the third had like to compleat his Ruin, for his last Stake was in such Danger, as to be on the worst Side of ten to one. This terrifying Situation, from the Circumstance of Things, he could not remain in long; nor, indeed, could human Nature have supported such a State of Anxiety. Dame *Fortune*, having sufficiently perplexed him for that Time, designed to smile so efficaciously, that, by the End of the sixth Day, he found himself Master of five hundred Guineas.

Possessed of so immense a Stock, he thought a considerable Increase of his Wardrobe necessary, therefore determined to appropriate one-Fifth of his Fortune to the Decoration of his Person. Taylors and Barbers were immediately set to Work. Lodgings of a Guinea *per* Week were taken, a Servant was hired, and our Hero shone forth at once a Man of Figure. His Play-house Acquaintance, who had given Place to Affairs of more immediate Consequence, now again struck his Recollection,

lection, and, in Imagination, fell a speedy Sacrifice to the Elegance of his Appearance; however, he resolved upon taking the necessary Precautions for a regular Attack, as also to find out, for a Certainty, whether she was really calculated for his Purpose as to Fortune. To this End he dispatched the Valet he had hired into the Neighbourhood where she lived, for some previous Information, which might serve to regulate his Conduct—His Mercury, so the Servant might properly be called, from his peculiar Excellence in the Art of Pimping, returned with an Account, that the House where she lived was lett in Lodgings; that the upper Part of it was then occupied by a Lady, whose Husband was dead about eighteen Months, and had left her a very handsome Fortune; as to other Particulars, he could not receive any Intelligence.

What he had heard was sufficient to fix his Attention, and seemed to promise Success, upon tolerable easy

Terms; for it appeared that one principal Bar to the Progress of Love, the Consent of Parents, did not here interpose between him and his Wishes: Besides, he had learned so much of Life as to know, that a Widow, properly address'd, was much more easily wooed to Compliance, than a Maid. Filled with these favourable Considerations, he proceeded as follows.

By means of a Female Publican in the Neighbourhood, he secured an Interest with her favourite Maid; from whom he learned when she went to any public Place, where he could have an Opportunity of meeting her; which he never failed to do, when Occasion offered. From many, as she thought accidental Interviews, there was a Sort of Intimacy cultivated, which authorized him to ask the Privilege of visiting her at Home. This, as his Conversation, Person, Deportment, and Affiduity to oblige, all pleaded strongly in his Favour, she consented to; and, to justify her Encouragement
of

of him, we must observe, that tho' he had so much prostituted his Understanding, and the Principles of a well-regulated Education, to very shameful Practices; nevertheless he had sufficient Address, when Occasion required it, to assume the Appearance of Discretion and good Sense, heightened with an agreeable modest Vivacity; and was so much Master of all common Topics, without being attached to any, that he could very pleasingly conform himself to every Disposition he fell in Company with: In short, he had mental and personal Qualifications, which, unclouded with his Vices, must have made him the Object of universal Esteem; and in such Light did his present Mistress view him.

Two Months, after the Privilege of Visiting was obtained, passed away without any other Consequence, than such an Improvement of Intimacy, as might be expected from frequent Interviews; for our Hero was judiciously cautious of precipitating Matters, tho'

he had a Widow to deal with, as he found her a sensible and prudent one; however, at last he pressed Matters very close, resolving to come to an Ecclaircissement, and ventured to make a Proposal of Marriage; previous to which he had taken Care, that she should hear he was Heir to a very considerable Fortune. At length, tho', indeed, by very slow Degrees, and considerable Expence of Application, he prevailed upon her to consent to his Happiness, as he phrased it, and as it really was in a double Sense; first, as her personal and mental Qualifications rendered her a very desirable Object; and, secondly, as he imagined her possessed of a Fortune, which would perfectly establish him in Life.

The Lady, upon giving her Consent, added, that she thought it necessary to acquaint him with her Circumstances, that no Expectations he might have should be disappointed; that every Thing being set in a clear Light, he might be enabled the more prudently

to

to determine; observing, at the same Time, that previous Consideration might prevent future Repentance. This Proposition, tho' very agreeable to our Hero, he received with a gallant Indifference; assuring her, that the Passion she had inspired him with, disdained the paltry Consideration of lucrative Purposes; that, as Fortune placed him next in Succession to a very ample Sufficiency, for the Support of a Family, he did not esteem it necessary to enter into a Disquisition of her Affairs, for that the Possession of herself was all his Wishes soared to; therefore hoped she would excuse his declining her Proposal—To which she replied, that his disinterested gallant Declarations merited greater Acknowledgements, than she was capable of making; however, insisted upon communicating what she proposed. To which, having received his reluctant Assent, she proceeded as follows.

My late Husband dying, left me the annual Sum of one hundred Pounds,

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during

during my natural Life ! and placed in my Hands, as Trustee and Guardian of a Daughter I had by him, two thousand Pounds, the Interest of which Sum, paying for the Child's Education 'till she marries, or attains her eighteenth Year, is at my Disposal. What I have mentioned, Sir, is the Sum total and just State of my Fortune ; and if, upon proper Deliberation, the Proposals you have made me prove consistent with your Inclination and Interest, I am willing to ratify my Consent, when it shall appear agreeable and convenient.

Our Hero, tho' much deceived in his Expectations of a very large Fortune, concealed the Damp her Account had cast upon his ardent Flame ; and, asserting that he was now as much resolved as before, took his Leave: Adding, that she might very speedily expect a Demand of her Promise in his Favour.

From this Interview *Dick* went to a Coffee-house, and retiring into the privatest Corner thereof, sat down to
ruminate

ruminate upon his present Situation ; on which Occasion, Reason, which now and then paid him a Visit, whispered, that he was going to sell his Liberty at much too cheap a Rate, as his proposed Wife possessed no Fortune but what her own Maintenance, and that of a Child or two, which might be soon expected, would swallow up ; and that the Possession of her Charms would prove but a poor Equivalent, for the Inconveniences which might ensue from being settled upon so slender a Foundation. Such Arguments was our Hero revolving, when *Will Shark*, one of his gaming Acquaintances, interrupted his Meditations with D—me *Dick*, thou lookest as grave as a Parson saying Grace—No ill Luck, I hope ; come, rouse up ; I wanted somebody to crack a Bottle with me, and am glad I have found thee ; our Hero, who wanted a Councillor in his present Dilemma, and knew the Sagacity of *Shark*, looked upon this as a lucky Hit, therefore accepted his Proposal immediately, and

went with him to a neighbouring Tavern; on their Progress to which Place we'll leave them, and refresh ourselves with a necessary Pause.

C H A P. III.

A Method to render Marriage-bonds light—Shark's Proposals for making a Fortune. A material Connection settled—The Folly of a Woman, and the Knavery of Men set forth. An Expedition projected, provided for, and entered upon.

OUR two enterprising Blades, when furnished with a Bottle of Inspiration, proceeded at once to Business; and *Dick*, having acquainted his Companion in Iniquity of his Situation, without going farther than general Circumstances, relating to him, at the same Time, the Scruples he had of sacrificing his Liberty to so small a Purchase. The more experienced and less conscientious *Will*, gave him to under-

understand, that a young Fellow should never miss an Opportunity of mending his Fortune ; that as to the Objections he had raised, to deter himself from the Pursuit of this Advantage, they were undoubtedly, in some Measure, well grounded ; but that a very short Space of Consideration would produce a Method of obviating them : *Follow my Advice* (continues he) *and this Affair may turn out very prettily—But no d——n'd Qualms of Conscience, they spoil every thing.*

Our Hero having declared that he was thoroughly prepared to take any Step, that might contribute to enlarge his Fortune, *Shark* proceeded to advise in the Grofs what follows.

That he should go to the Lady, and let her know, it was utterly incompatible with his Interest, to acknowledge the Marriage for some Time, and therefore hoped for the Indulgence of having it privately celebrated at her own Lodgings, or at a Friend's House, whom he could trust with the Secret.

If

If you have any Hold of her Affection, (continues Shark) she will certainly comply with this; and, as I will take the Office of Parson upon me, we may easily trump up such a Marriage, as will put you in Possession of all she is worth, and you will have an Opportunity of shaking her off when you please.

Hazard, who was not yet callous to every Impulse of Virtue, who was not quite deaf to all the Calls of Honour, began to remonstrate to his Adviser concerning the Injustice and Cruelty of such a Proceeding; how monstrous it must be, to make the Affection of an honest-hearted Woman the Handle of her Ruin. D—mn her, (replies Shark) is not the Ruin of a Woman well laid out, in making the Fortune of a deserving young Fellow— Besides, you may soon have it in your Power to pay her again with Interest; so that it is only borrowing, in the Main, what she has no Use for. I warrant, when you leave her, she will find

find somebody to give her Meat, Drink, and Cloaths, and that's all she wants.—

—ds, Man! get the Money from her, whip over to England, there you will snap up some Girl with thirty or forty thousand Pounds directly; and so your Business is done at once—You see I speak like a Friend; I have no Interest in it, but as I wish you well; if I can assist you, I will; but if you won't make a bold Step in your own Favour, my Interposition can do no Good—Besides, it is such a Pleasure for a Man to think he has made his own Fortune—But no more, your own Understanding will direct you better than my Advice, only believe me to be sincerely your Friend.

Dick, who had listened very attentively, remained for some Time silent; which Space was spent in comparing the Arguments of *Shark* with the Pleadings of Honour and Humanity, which latter very shortly gave Way to the former — Forty thousand Pounds, so easily obtained in *England*, was a
most

most alluring Bait for one of so adventurous a Disposition as our Hero : So that, to cut Matters short, he thoroughly agreed to *Shark's* Plan, and determined to show his Approbation, by a steady Adherence to it. Matters being thus happily adjusted, they devoted the Remainder of the Night to indifferent Topics ; and, after having drank pretty freely, departed to their several Lodgments.

Next Day our Hero waited upon Mrs. *Witlefs*, so his Widow was called, and, with all the Address he was Master of, laid before her the Necessity of proceeding, with regard to their Marriage, in the Manner *Shark* had laid down ; to which she very imprudently agreed, instigated thereto by a real Affection she had conceived for her Gallant: An Affection which placed his dissembled Honesty in so partially favourable a Light, that all her Discretion, of which, at other Times and upon other Occasions, she had a great deal, could not prevail on her to entertain

tertain the least Doubt of his Veracity ; so that, Love becoming the Pandar to his villainous Design, she precipitated herself into the Gulph of Ruin, by entering the matrimonial Bonds the Way he proposed, under the very sanctified Administration of the Reverend Mr. *Shark*, duly apparelled for the Purpose.

The Ceremony over, its first agreeable Consequences took Place, highly to the Satisfaction of both Parties.

Six Months passed away in what we may call amorous Dalliance, for *Dick* had the main Point so much in View, that he took all possible Methods of heightening his Wife's Affection, and intoxicating her Reason with the Violence of Passion, raised by his many amiable Qualities. When it appeared that he had brought her Temper to such a Bent, that he could wind her as he pleased, his first Step was to get her to resign the Guardianship of her Child into his Hands ; and also to draw the Money from those with whom

whom it was lodged, that, as he said, he might lay it out to greater Advantage. His next Step was to get her Jointure mortgaged, or rather sold, to make up a Sum for a very advantageous Purchase, that was offered to him; on which Bargain he observed, that she should be secured more than an Equivalent — These two material Points, her Consent being obtained, were put into the proper Channel by *Shark*, who now appeared in the Character of a Lawyer, and drew up a very pompous Settlement for Mrs. *Hazard*; who received her worthless Security with great Satisfaction and Gratitude, as being an eminent Testimony of her dear Husband's great Love and Integrity.

Matters thus agreeably settled for our Hero, his sole remaining Care was to get away privately to *England*; and having scraped all the Money he could together, leaving his Wife, who was five Months gone with Child, but fifty Pounds, and Furniture to the Value

lue of as much more, on Pretence of going into the Country for a Fort-night or three Weeks, which Lie he framed to gain Time, privately embarked for *Parkgate*, in Company with his Friend *Shark*; who was so much concerned in his Secrets, that he durst not go without him.

And now, good Reader, having sent our Hero on Ship-board, I must intrude so much upon your Observation, which has perhaps anticipated me, as to take Notice how artfully our Friend *Shark* hedged himself into a Participation of *Hazard's* Fortune, under the Veil of Friendship: For, if you recollect, at the Tavern, where this iniquitous Transaction was planned, *Shark* appeared to act upon the most disinterested Terms: But he stretched his View to the Consequence, which has happened; and very justly reflected, that if he could make himself the main Spring of *Hazard's* Affairs, he must undoubtedly become a Sharer in his Profits. From all which, an useful

ful Precaution may be inferred ; which is, to avoid being influenced by the specious Protestations of pretending Friends, who very seldom are able or willing to communicate real Advantage, but frequently draw the unhappy Objects that rely on them into very intricate and perplexing Circumstances. It is as general a Maxim as any I know, that the best Friends profess least; and that those who have secret and selfish Purposes to serve, hide them with the ostentatious Covering of paraded Disinterestedness.

C H A P.

C H A P. IV.

They arrive in Port—Proceed to Chester—Attend a Horse-race—And a Cock-match. The Consequence. An unexpected and extraordinary Intrigue—Shark's Opinion of its Consequence—They attend the Horse-race again with equal Success—A surprising Discovery, productive of a very sudden Decampment. They arrive in London.

O U R Travellers, having the Advantage of a very fair and sweeping Gale, have considerably the Start of us; however, as Imagination regards neither Wind or Tide, we will not only overtake them immediately, but also, with necromantic Conveyance, place them on Shore at *Parkgate*. 'Tis done; they have even already refreshed themselves, and are set out for *Chester* in a Post Chaise; and their Servants, for they have brought over two, are mounted on a Couple of those Tits, appro-

appropriated to the Use of Travellers. While they are on the Road, you and I, good Reader, will precede them, and see what Objects, worthy Regard, the ancient City of *Chester* offers to View. You seem surprized at the Town's being so remarkably populous. To account for that, you must know, that all the neighbouring Country, for thirty Miles round, has poured in its Inhabitants to the annual Races, which commence on St. *George's* Day—Oh! our Travellers are safely lodged in the *White Lion*. Thus far, to make the Journey less tedious, I talked as a Companion, but now again resume the Character of Historian; for this Work we esteem too diffuse to come under the Denomination of Biography.

Hazard and his Companion, having arrived Time enough to refresh and change Cloaths, resolved not to miss so good an Opportunity of making Money, as a Horse-race; so equipped themselves with the Necessaries for a genteel Appearance, and, hiring a Phaeton, appeared

peared upon the Course with considerable Eclat ; however, Luck ran so much against them, that they lost very near one Hundred a-piece ; but being very flush, as the Phrase is, the Loss gave them little Concern : Besides, they resolved to make the next Day fully recompence it, hearing there was a Cock-match to commence ; which noble and profitable Sport they deemed themselves so much Masters of, that it was gaming on a sure Lay. The second Day their Luck, with respect to the Horses, was worse than the first, three hundred Pounds taking Wing ; nor did the Cock-pit prove more favourable, so far as they betted. Upon the whole, these two Days lightened them of six hundred Pounds.—This was but a very unfavourable Outset, and they took a Walk in the Evening upon the Walls, to consult whether they should venture any more, or set out the next Morning for *London*—*Shark* was for endeavouring at a Recovery, observing, that Luck would certainly turn ;

turn; but *Hazard*, who was much more timorous, could not relish the Proposal.

While this Point was under Consideration, two well-dressed Females tripped by, whose Appearance struck our Hero. He thought somewhat appear'd about them, that encouraged an Address; however, would not presume to intrude himself abruptly upon them, but wait a favourable Opportunity, which he was not long in Expectation of, before it offered; for the Wind blowing one of their Hats into a Garden under the Wall, a Place the Lady could not descend to without much Difficulty and some Danger, our Hero exerted his Complaisance and Agility with great Success; for, upon delivering her Hat, the Lady expressed her Thanks in such affable Terms, that he was emboldened to endeavour at protracting their Conversation; which Happiness he soon obtained, and proceeded to accompany her round the Walls.

Shark,

Shark, warmed by so good an Example, and being sufficiently stock'd with Assurance, took such Steps as to engage her Companion in Chat—Being thus happily paired, and, as we may say, distinct Companies, for the Wall would admit no more than two a-breast; the Gentlemen, from a Dissertation upon that very useful Subject in such Cases, the Weather, proceeded to expatiate upon the Beauties of their several Companions; who were alternately compared to the Sun, Moon, Stars, and every Thing that warm Imaginations could suggest. A considerable Space was spent in Prattle, for we cannot justly call it Conversation, of this Sort; when our Hero and *Shark* began to perceive, that their Panegyrics operated with so much Success, as to produce many promising and almost unexpected Symptoms from their fair Companions. Considering themselves as *Irishmen*, which they took Care frequently to intimate, not knowing that their Accent sufficiently

ently declared it, they did not wonder much at the seeming Rapidity of Success—*Hazard's* Companion took Occasion to observe, that it was extremely pleasant by the Water-side, and expressed some Desire of walking down towards it. This her Gallant the more readily encouraged her to, as the Solitude would give him a fairer Opportunity of urging his Suit; for he had already began to talk of Darts, Flames, and a long &c. of Love's Nonsense. To be brief, they proceeded according to the Lady's Proposal; and *Shark*, with his Companion, judiciously walked another Way, to let them have more free and uninterrupted Converse. Here, veiled with the Evening's Shade, and favoured by conspiring Solitude, our Hero wooed so persuasively, that what many have sighed for Years, he accomplished in a single Hour, the End of his Wishes; nor did *Shark* employ his Time to less Purpose. With much faltering of Speech, and Fondness of Address, the Ladies lamented the
Weakness

Weakness of their Sex, and the Prevalence of their inconstant Destroyers Men. However, they flattered themselves with Hopes, that these Gentlemen would prove Men of Honour; and then proceeded to tell who they were. *Hazard's* Girl informed him, she was the Daughter of Lord *Woodless*, of *Shropshire*; and *Shark's* said, that her Father was Sir *John Plow-beam*, of *Lancashire*. Now Joy beat thro' every Pulse of our Adventurers, and they had much ado to refrain from openly returning Heaven Thanks, for being born in a Nation, the very Name of which implies Prosperity in Love.

Having desired the utmost Secrecy, and implored Constancy from their dear Deluders, the Ladies hastily took their Leaves; observing, that if their Fathers should miss them, it would occasion much Disturbance. This, as a very substantial Reason, persuaded the Lovers to let them go, first insisting upon a Meeting at the same Hour and Place next Evening, to conclude

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upon

upon a more convenient Method of Interview ; all Things thus settled, our Lovers, after several very pathetic Embraces, parted.

No sooner were the Girls gone, than *Shark*, flapping our Hero upon the Shoulder, cried out, Z——ds, Dick, *our Fortunes are made !—What think you now ? Did not I tell you, that England was the Place for a young Fellow ? Why really* (replies our Hero) *though we have had bad Success in Play, this Adventure may make us very ample Recompence.——Recompence !* (says *Shark*) *D——mn me, if I doubt but we may be both enabled to purchase Seats in the H—— of C—— ; and then, as we can talk a good deal, we may oppose the C——, 'till we get a Couple of snug Employments, of a Thousand, or Sixteen Hundred a Year each ; which, with our Endeavours at Play, and other Matters, will serve to make Things out very well. — Aha ! What do you think of that ? With Exultations like these, founded upon imaginary Great-*
ness,

ness, did our Heroes please themselves; and that so happy an Æra might not want due Celebration, *Bacchus* was called in to the Aid of Love; and such zealous Devotion did they pay to the God of Jolly Rapture, that at last they fell Victims to his mighty Influence, and were carried motionless to their Beds; but not before they had asked their Host some necessary Questions concerning my Lord *Woodless*, and Sir *John Plow-beam*: Which Curiosity he gratified by a very pleasing Account, viz. that they were very rich Men, and had but one Daughter each. Being interrogated as to the Persons of those Ladies, he gave a Description of them, perfectly consonant to the Appearance of those, who had so surprizingly surrendered to the amorous Attacks of our Heroes.

In the Morning the Adventurers rose, with aching Heads, but joyful Hearts; resolving to try their Luck upon the Sod once more; which Resolution they put in Practice, at the

additional Expence of two hundred Pounds, laid on the wrong Side of the Question—Being called upon to pay this Sum, they found themselves, to their no small Consternation, deficient of Money, except some loose Silver; however, they desired those who had betted with them, to come to their Inn, and there they would pay them; which Proposition was immediately complied with.

When this Point was settled, they entered upon a Search for their Purfes, but to no Purpose. Here was a most mortifying Stroke, as they contained Notes for two hundred Pounds, besides some Specie. The unaccountable Escape of such a Sum involved them in considerable Perplexity; which, however, was suddenly interrupted, by the Host's called upon them in a great Hurry, to let them know, that the two young Ladies they had enquired about the Night before, were just at that Time coming down the Street with their Fathers.

This

This alarming Circumstance engaged their whole Attention, and they hastened to a Window, where unperceived, as Caution appeared necessary, they might peep at their Mistresses—But, alas ! what was their Astonishment and Consternation, when two Figures, entirely unknown to them, were pronounced by their Host to be my Lord's and Sir *John*'s Daughters—Scarce were they able to conceal their Surprize and Confusion, 'till they retired into a Room by themselves; where such a Medley of Curses, Exclamations, &c. was poured forth, as might well become a Couple of Bedlamites; and, indeed, to say the Truth, they were little better, upon reflecting that three Days had sunk eleven hundred Pounds—Besides, to have an Intrigue, which commenced so lusciously, turn out an errant Bite; thereby, not only destroying huge Expectations, but convicting them Fools, at the Tribunal of their own Judge-

ment, was a most malicious Trick of cruel Fate.

It now appeared, that the pretended Ladies could be no other than a Couple of Courtezans, who, having seen them Sport away a good deal of Money, determined to sound the Depth of their Pockets. This Opinion they were confirmed in, by hearing from a Person, who lett Post Chaifes, that a Couple of Ladies had set out Post in a Carriage of his, the Night before, for *Namptwich*, in their Road to *London*, whither he presumed they were going. Our Hero, in the Heat of his Rage, proposed pursuing them; and *Shark*, approving the Design, after leaving Directions to send their heavy Baggage by the next Waggon, they set out Post, and heard of the Ladies at every Stage, but never gained any Thing upon the original Advantage they had of them: So that after eight and forty Hours travelling, they reached *London*, without any farther Satisfaction,

faction, than that of tracing them to the Metropolis, where, as may be easily imagined, they lost all Scent of them.

On Arrival in Town they were heartily fatigued ; and being rendered, by their Losses, very indifferent Company to each other, they soon retired to Bed, where Nature's Restorer, Sleep, rescued them some Time from their Vexation.

The next Morning they went, piloted by *Hazard's* Valet, who had lived in *London* for a considerable Time, in Search of Lodgings, which at last they fixed upon in *Southampton* and *Tavistock-streets, Covent-garden* ; for knowing that frequent Interviews would be necessary, they chose their Lodgings as near each other as Con-
veniency would admit. Thus having settled them in the great Mart of Trade and Knavery, it may not be improper to conclude this Chapter.

C H A P. V.

*They take Lodgings—Set out in Trade
 —Pay smartly for Experience — Set
 up Chariots—Send out Scouts for In-
 telligence — Set a young Lady with
 thirtythousand Pounds Fortune—Shark
 metamorphosed — Hazard takes the
 Name of Gaudy—Things wear a pros-
 perous Appearance—Our Hero gains
 Admittance to the Lady — The Ter-
 mination of this Affair—A very ex-
 traordinary Attack made upon Dick
 — He accepts the Challenge.*

OUR Adventurers soon found the Places for their Purpose, we mean Gaming-Houses, where, for some Time, they made a very indifferent Figure, the Arts of Finesse, or, in plainer Terms, the Methods of Cheating, being much more refined and undiscoverable in *England* than *Ireland*; and those worthy Gentlemen who take their Degrees in the latter, are under a Necessity, if they would
 be

be eminent as Gamesters, to finish their Studies in the former.

Our Hero's Stock, having had the ill Luck of two to support, was in six Months, from two Thousand five Hundred, reduced to less than a Fifth of the Sum; however, by the End of that Space, he and *Shark* formed several very useful Connections; and being pretty well known, were now and then let in by some of the Knowing Ones to very profitable Schemes. Experience likewise taught them to trade with tolerable Safety, upon their own Bottoms: And tho' their Purses had felt the Shock of so severe a Decline, yet, in Reality, they were much richer now, than on their Departure from *Ireland*. Their Acquaintance became very general; and they had frequently the Pleasure and Honour to participate of those Exploits (which some of the Nobility disgrace themselves by) in Conjunction with Gamblers, and we may add Pickpockets; tho' to several, who think the two Titles synonymous,

nimous, the Phrase must seem tautologous.

A sudden Run of extraordinary Luck, enabled and determined *Dick* and his Companion to set up their Chariots. They now made a very brilliant Appearance, and claimed Attention wherever they went — The Scheme of matrimonial Settlement again presented itself, as the most expeditious Method of doing Business, and appeared to their Vanity extremely practicable. For this End they set several Emissaries to work, to point out such Females as might suit their Purposes. They had not hunted long, before our Hero was directed to make an Attack upon Miss *Lovely*, a young Lady in *Bond-street*, who was allowed, on all Hands, to be worth thirty thousand Pounds; and he was informed, at the same Time, by way of Encouragement, that he had no Difficulty to surmount, but getting the Consent of Mrs. *Carefull*, her Aunt, who had the Disposal of her; which, with some
Share

Share of Address, might easily be obtained.

The Fortune was sufficient Incitement for *Dick*; however, the Lady's natural Charms heightened his Zeal to that Degree, that he was resolved to take every possible Method of attaining so beautiful and valuable an Object. From the Proceedings which had ensnared the unhappy Wife he left behind him, he was perfectly convinced, that the Mistress is always most attainable thro' the Assistance of her Maid, and especially so, when a Maid happens to be a Favourite. In order to know what Sort of an Ally the Family offered, he caused Enquiry to be made concerning the Woman who attended Miss; and received for Information, that she was an *Irish-woman*, much confided in by Mrs. *Carefull*, and greatly regarded by her Niece.

This was immediately communicated to *Shark*, who proposed himself as the fittest Agent for making a Friend
of

of this Deputy Governess : For which Purpose he equipped himself in one of *Dick's* Liveries, and went to a public House, in the Neighbourhood of *Mrs. Carefull*; from whence he dispatched a Messenger to the old Lady's, with an Invitation, from a Countryman, for *Mrs. Dwyer* (so the Servant was called) who would be glad to have the Pleasure of seeing her.

Mrs. Dwyer, who was extremely national, received and accepted the Invitation with Manifestation of great Pleasure, and soon waited upon *Shark*. After the necessary Compliments, they fell into Conversation. Her Name discovered to *Will* what County she was of; and he happening to be acquainted with many of her Name, thought it was Odds but he should hit upon her Family, which he knew would immediately fix an Intimacy. This Conjecture he happened to be right in; for speaking of some *O Dwyers* in the County of *Tipperary*, she immediately caught him up, and began to trace her
her

her Genealogy thro' several illustrious Families ; adding, with a Heart-sprung Sigh, that only for the Villain *Oliver Cromwell*, she would never have been reduced to Service ; for that her Ancestors, before his Time, had possessed a large Estate in the County of *Tipperary*.—*Ab ! Madam* (replies *Shark*) *we all suffered in that Wreck of the Irish Nobility, and had our Rights of Inheritance given to God knows who—My Grandfather lost—But it is no Matter ; perhaps Things may come round again.* Thus, joining in *Mrs. Dwyer's* political Principles, he gained so much of her Esteem, that she insisted upon seeing him the first Opportunity he had, at her Mistress's House, to drink Tea. He acknowledged the Favour she intended him ; and added, that he would take an Opportunity of waiting upon her : However, not satisfied with a general Promise, she requested, if in his Power, that he would appoint a particular Time, which he fixed

fixed for the ensuing Evening, and then took very complimentary Leave.

Shark, overjoyed with the prosperous Beginning he had made, hastened as fast as possible to our Hero, who received his Intelligence with very great Satisfaction. They then proceeded to lay down Business for the succeeding Day; and it was determined, that while *Shark* was with his Countrywoman, *Dick* should pass by in his Chariot, dressed in his gayest Suit, and seem to take very particular Notice of Mrs. *Carefull's* House. Accordingly, the next Day, *Shark* waited on his Countrywoman, whom he contrived to keep at the Door, 'till he saw our Hero's Chariot come into the Street; upon which he started, and cried out, *Adso, here comes my Master!* And at the same Time slipped into the Hall—The good Woman, from a very natural Curiosity, was resolved to see what Sort of Master he had got, so staid 'till he went by; and as *Dick* looked very earnestly towards one of the

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the Dining-room Windows, where Miss *Lovely* happened to be then sitting, he was more conveniently exposed to her View, than otherwise he could have been. When he was gone past, she turned round to *Shark*, and observed to him, that his Master was really a prodigious handsome Man, and wore the Appearance of great good Nature. Here our masquerading Footman took Occasion to expatiate on the many Virtues of our Hero; concluding all with an Observation, that he had an Estate of three thousand Pounds a Year in the County of *Westmeath*——
What! is he an Irishman? (says Mrs. *Dwyer*.) *Yes, Madam,* (replies *Shark*) *and of a very noble Family.*——*Well,* (says she) *I protest and vow, let them say what they will, I see nothing like my Countrymen.*——*Is your Master married?* No, (says *Will*)——*Ah,* (continues she) *there's a young Lady in this House would make any Man very happy*——*She's the sweetest Creature*——
Well, Faith and Troth your Master and
she

she would make a fine Couple. It was not long ere our Hero returned by the House, and gazed at Miss more attentively than before ; which Mrs. *Dwyer*, who, from the Parlour where they were drinking Tea, saw, and took particular Notice of to *Shark* ; observing, that what she had been speaking of seemed a Sort of Prophecy ; for that 'Squire *Gaudy* (so our Hero was named to her) seemed to admire Miss *Lovely* very much—*Shark* coincided with her Opinion, and said, he should be very glad to see his Master well married. After which, to secure a strict Intimacy with his Countrywoman, he enquired into her Situation, whether married or single ; and being informed the latter, he dropped some distant Hints, which he knew Mrs. *Dwyer*'s Vanity would immediately apply, as in Reality it did, to her own personal Charms — These raised *Shark*, who had given himself the Name of *O'Kelly*, from a bare Acquaintance, to the Degree of a Lover ; a Light he wished to be considered in,
for

“ S I R,

“ **T** H E Person who delivered
“ your Letter to me, on whom
“ I greatly depend, having inform-
“ ed me, that you are a Gentleman
“ of Family and Fortune, I should
“ think myself wanting in common
“ Civility, not to acknowledge the
“ Receipt of your Favour. As to
“ the Subject of your Address, it is
“ impossible for me to say any Thing
“ pertinent to it, as I am entirely a
“ Stranger to it. Your Mode of Ex-
“ pression I take to be such, as Men
“ of Gallantry use; and shall impute
“ the many Compliments you pay me,
“ which are certainly unjust, rather
“ to the Politeness of your Disposi-
“ tion, than the Depravity of your
“ Taste—However, I shall put the
“ most favourable Construction upon
“ your Intentions, and remain, Sir,

“ *Your humble Servant,*

“ SOPHIA LOVELY.”

In

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In short, many Letters, as little to the Purpose as the produced Specimens, passed between them, without any considerable Progress. At last Mrs. *Dwyer's* Friendship, being wrought up into Zeal by the amorous Addresses of *Shark*, and repeated Presents of his pretended Master, she found Means to prevail so far upon Mrs. *Carefull*, that our Hero's Visits were authorized by her. This very necessary Liberty brought Matters to an agreeable Situation, and *Dick* was now proposing to himself the most advantageous Method of laying out thirty thousand Pounds—But very unluckily for him, he was seen coming out of Mrs. *Carefull's*, by an Acquaintance of her's, who knew a good deal of his Character and Proceedings since his Arrival in *England*; which, communicated to the Aunt, terminated his Amour with the Niece: For tho' Miss *Lovely* was so far dipped in real Affection, that, like all other Love-infected Girls, she would have stolen a Marriage with him; yet our Hero, knowing,

knowing, if she disobliged her Aunt, she would be worth nothing, very wisely, and happily for her, determined not to ruin her, at his own Expence; and since it was not probable he could make any Thing by her, he sacrificed Love to Interest, leaving her to mourn an admired Gallant.

Hazard, tho' Master of considerable Philosophy, could not bear this sudden Flight of his golden Expectations, without much Emotion; however, being possessed of a Spirit capable of soaring above Misfortunes, tho' it felt them, he retained the same Appearance of Gaiety and Unconcern, as if his Affairs flowed in a Tide of Success; and Madam *Fortune*, pleased at his Resolution, threw the following whimsical Adventure in his Way as Recompence.

One Day, walking in the *Mall* in *St. James's Park*, a Person genteelly dressed delivered the following Note into our Hero's Hands:

“ S I R,

“ S I R,

“ **A** Female, neither old nor ugly,
“ desires to meet you. If you
“ dare accept her Challenge, without a
“ Second, let the Bearer know where,
“ and when to call upon you, and he
“ will conduct you to the Person—
“ Her Situation makes Precaution ex-
“ tremely necessary, therefore excuse
“ the real Name, and accept that of
“ FLAVIA.”

This unexpected Attack somewhat surprized *Hazard*; however, he resolved not to decline so fair an Invitation; therefore told the Messenger, he should be at the *Bedford Coffee House* that very Evening, about Six o’Clock; and then retired Home, to ruminate on the romantic Scene which so strange a Beginning promised; in which State of Reflection, if you please, good Reader, we will leave him ’till the next Chapter.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

He goes to the Place appointed—A Lady appears—A general Description of her—Some curious Speeches on each Side—Their Consequence—Shark lays Siege to an old Widow upon the Principles of Religion—A Scene of Conversation—Pushes Matters to a Conclusion.

TH E Clock having sounded the appointed Hour, *Hazard*, punctual to his Appointment, hastened to the Coffee House, which he reached in a few Minutes; and, on his Arrival, found the Person, who was to meet him, waiting. Upon intimating, that he was ready to receive whatever Message he might have for him, the Attendant desired he would step into a Chair, which was just by; adding, that he would conduct him to the Place of Meeting.

Our Hero could not tell, by any Means, what to make of this mysterious Ceremony: However, he was re-

E solved

solved not to betray any Fear, tho' there might be some Reason to suspect a sinister Design; wherefore he complied with his Conductor's Direction, went into the Chair, and was carried a considerable Way into the City, thro' so many Windings, that he knew not where he was. At last his Journey, for so it might in some Measure be called, terminated, and he was conducted into a very elegant Parlour, where his Guide left him alone, observing, that the Lady would wait on him immediately—Every Moment now added to his Surprize; and Apprehensions, not the most agreeable, began to agitate him; when a Lady, magnificently dressed, entered the Room. Her Person and Deportment struck him with Admiration; the former being the most delicate Symetry of Parts, agreeably blended into a perfect Form; the latter, a most engaging Disposition of that Form—Her Face he could only judge of, from the other Parts, for that was shrouded in a black Velvet Mask. After the politest Salutation,
and

and desiring him to be seated, she delivered herself as follows.

Sir, I make no Doubt but you are as much surprized at your present Situation, and my Appearance, as by the odd Address you received from me this Morning. Tyrant Custom having imposed Rules upon our Sex, that forbid, or at least condemn, those Advances of the Female Side, which Love urges to; but I, who despise such paltry Fetters of the free-born Mind, could not withstand the Impulse of that Passion you have inspired me with. I have seen you often, and as often wished you mine, according to worldly Forms; but as my unlucky Fate forbids that, I am reduced to this Method of Proceeding; and if you are as susceptible of soft Impressions, as your Appearance is capable of making them, I doubt not, but Love will find a Way to render us greater Happiness than any of those enjoy, who drag the matrimonial Chain.

To this elegant Harangue our Hero was almost unable to reply; as it

rather tended to increase than diminish the Surprize, which the introductory Circumstances had occasioned: However, he collected himself sufficiently to observe, that he should be extremely unworthy the Notice of so fine a Woman, were it possible for him to be insensible of the vast Honour her Approbation and Choice did him; that he was intirely a Profelyte to her System of Love; and added, that he was more particularly pleased, at being thought worthy the Favour of a Lady, so generously unconfined in her Principles.

To which *Flavia* (so we shall stile the Lady, 'till we are better informed) returned, that she found his Appearance had not deceived her; for that his Sentiments and Person were equally engaging—*Dick*, having gathered Freedom from the Encouragement of her Behaviour, aspired to the Favour of seeing her Face; and for that Purpose begg'd Leave to remove the Cloud, which he observed, no doubt, eclipsed
a terrestrial

a terrestrial Sun ; for that it was impossible Nature in Creation could make so great a Blunder, as to add any Thing but the Face of a *Venus*, to the Shape and Grace of a *Juno*—*Very gallant truly*, (replies *Flavia*) *but in this Point I must do myself the Violence to refuse you, because I have predetermined, that before you see my Face, I will have Proof of your Constancy ; being well convinced, that Love, founded upon a Set of Features, is the most transitory of all Passions. If my Conversation and Person can merit your Attention, and demand a Return of Affection, then, perhaps, my Face may appear uncovered.* This Declaration entirely stopped our Hero's Curiosity for the present, and he contented himself with urging Matters to a Crisis more interesting.

After that Scene, which is better imagined than expressed, was happily concluded, *Flavia* presented a very handsome Diamond Ring to her Gallant, as a trifling Mark of her Regard;

and observing, that she was so situated, as to be under the disagreeable Necessity of reaching Home by Eleven o'Clock, she appointed a Meeting for the next Evening, conducted with the same Circumstances of Precaution, as had then brought them together ; concluding with this Charge, that he would not, on any Account, take Steps to discover who she was ; to a Compliance with which she induced him, by adding, that when it was safe for her to reveal herself, and for him to know her, she would gratify his Curiosity—After the most solemn Asseverations of a faithful Obedience to her Commands, and some parting Embraces, he took Leave of her for the Night ; and being placed in the same Chair that brought him, led by the same Conductor, he returned to his Lodgings ; where he reflected, at Leisure, upon his romantic Adventure, which so far gave him very great Satisfaction ; and, from the Appearance of Things, promised considerable

fiderable future Advantage; a Circumstance much more prevalent with him, than any Happiness Beauty could bestow: However, he was not so tasteless as to be insensible of the latter, though he preferred the former.

To avoid the Prolixity of reciting many immaterial Facts, we shall throw together a Number of Meetings, upon the Principles of that already related; and only, in general, observe, that our Hero found them still increase in Pleasure and Profit; to the Enjoyment of which we shall some time leave him, that we may discover what *Shark* had been about, for a Month or longer, that he almost entirely absented himself, to the great Surprise of our Hero.

Will, who never passed a Moment without thinking of the main Chance, had found out an old Widow, extremely rich; who, having been very profligate in her Youth, was, to make Amends, devoted, at the Verge of Life,

to that Quintessence of Piety, vulgarly called Methodism; and some of the worthy Pastors of that Sect, knowing the Strength of her Finances, had taken very great Pains to represent the imminent Danger her Soul was in, unless she became one of them; by which Means they hoped to gain an Influence, that might terminate in the fingering her large Fortune, after Death should send her the Way of all Flesh. This *Shark* having received Intelligence of, he sacrilegiously resolved, if possible, to cheat the reverend Labourers of their Hire.

For this desirable End *Shark* betook himself into her Neighbourhood, assumed the Appearance of methodistical Sanctity, and signalized himself considerably by chanting forth Hymns — The Report of a new Profelyte, a Man of considerable Fortune too, to the same Principles she had so piously embraced, reaching the Widow's Ears, and hearing he lodged near her, she took an Opportunity of surveying him;
and

and his Person affecting her Eyes, as much as the Report of his Piety did her sympathetic Heart, she began to wish the Cultivation of an Intimacy with so hopeful a young Man; for which she did not long wish fruitlessly, for throwing himself, as if by Accident, into her Way, she took an Opportunity of entering into a Discourse with him upon the oratorical Merits of Mr. *Shamwell*, their Teacher—Here *Will* grew lavish in his Encomiums upon the reverend Favourite; and took Occasion to observe, that he thought it the most fortunate Circumstance of his whole Life, to be incorporated with so divine a Set of Persons, as Mr. *Shamwell* had under his Care—*Ab !* (continues *Shark*) *what are the Vanities of this World, when compared with the substantial Blessings of the Future?—For my Part, I have determined to lay out my Fortune, all but a bare Subsistence, upon holy Purposes, and live entirely abstracted from the World—*Nay, replies the old Lady,

it is a great Pity, that so fine a young Man as you should be lost to Society; Religion does not require so much: To be sure Youth is apt to run into Errors, but a Wife and Family would prevent such Misconduct, as headlong Passions may hurry a Man to—I may presume, Sir, from what you have said concerning the Disposal of your Fortune, that you are single—Yes, Madam, (replies Shark,) and I intend to remain so, as I can scarce hope to find a Woman suited to that Life I would chuse to lead; for most of the young Females of this Age are so prone to Vanities, so flippant of Speech, and weak in Understanding, that a Man had better live in a State of Celibacy, than enter the matrimonial Noose, with so many Odds upon the Side of Misery.

Why really, Sir, as you observe, (says the Widow,) our young Flirts are below the Notice of a Man of Sense——However, it is better to marry than burn, which latter must be the Case with

with Youth in a single State ; therefore, what remains ? Why, to find out some regular discreet Woman in Years, whose Care might correct the Frailties of Nature in a regular religious Manner, without encouraging Sensuality.

This opened the Path that Shark wanted to pursue, and he made such good Use of the Hint, that, in a short Time, he made strong Love to the old Gentlewoman, still preserving his Sanctity. At last she consented, on Condition that he could prove himself worth what he said ; for she had so much Charity, that she would not marry a poor, tho' virtuous and religious Man, to become his lawful Property, as she observed, for no other Purpose than piously to prevent his relapsing into a State of Iniquity, which, while single, he was very liable to.

Having brought Matters to this desirable Pass, he applied to our Hero for the Loan of Bank Notes he had, to the Amount of two thousand Pounds,

Pounds, that he might be enabled to convince her of his not being empty Handed—Adding, after he had told him the whole Affair, that in less than a Week after Marriage, the two Thousand should be returned double. *Dick*, rejoiced at his Companion's good Luck, as also at the Advantage which was likely to accrue to him from it, gave *Shark*, according to his Request, the Notes, which he immediately carried to the old Woman; and putting them into her Hands, besides some false Writings of a pretended Estate, he married her that very Day.

C H A P. VII.

Our Hero receives a Letter of Admonition from Shark—Its Effects upon him—Makes a Visit to the Widow—His Treatment—Another very extraordinary Attack made upon him—Obeys the Summons—Sees the Person; their Conversation—An agreeable Proposition made him—Meets Flavia again; hits upon a melancholy Object, and exerts Good Nature.

FLAVIA being obliged to go into the Country for a Week or ten Days, our Hero took the Advantage of her Absence to go upon a Party of Pleasure to *Oxford*, and set out the Day before *Shark's* Nuptials were consummated. On his return to Town, he immediately went in Search of his Friend, to rejoice with him upon so noble an Acquisition, as the old Gentlewoman's Fortune. But behold, he could receive no Intelligence of him at any of his old Haunts; however, to satisfy

satisfy him how Matters stood, he received the following very agreeable Letter, left for him at the *Bedford*.

“ D I C K,

“ I Always thought you a soft-witted
“ Fellow, but could never have
“ believed you so absolute a Fool, as
“ to trust your whole Stock in any
“ Persons Hands, without Security,
“ had you not convinced me of it—
“ Bought Experience is best, therefore
“ I think it my Duty, in Return of
“ the Obligations I have received from
“ you, to cure so great and prejudicial
“ a Weakness in my Friend, by making
“ Use of the Bills you lent me
“ to such Purposes as I think proper;
“ however, that you may have something
“ to trade upon, I inclose a
“ Note for One Hundred Pounds;
“ and really think the Caution you will
“ gain, from this Step of mine, well
“ worth the other Nineteen Hundred.

“ *Yours, without Ceremony,*

“ W I L L. S H A R K.”

The

The Confusion our Hero was in at the Perusal of this very extraordinary Epistle, may be imagined, but cannot be described. Rage and Despair raised such a Conflict in his Breast, and threw Reflection into such a Chaos of Confusion, that, forgetting where he was, he broke into an exclamatory Soliloquy, and had several Times emphatically pronounced the Words, *Villain!—Infernal Villain!* so loud, that he drew the Attention of all present; who, from his Looks and Gestures, very reasonably concluded him frantic: However having just enough of Reason left to perceive that he was taken Notice of, and judging that the longer he staid the more ridiculous, or pitiable, he should make himself, he retired, and went with all imaginable Haste to his own Lodgings, where, unperceived, the disjointed Ravings of Perplexity might take their Course.

Having with considerable Difficulty recollected where his very good Friend's old Widow lived, he hasted thither, hoping

hoping to gain such Intelligence as might lead him either to Recovery or Revenge—But in this he was much deceived—He found the ~~good~~ Lady in a more deplorable State of Confusion and Distress than himself; for the conscientious *Shark*, having found the Way to her strong Box, stripped her of the Produce of many Years Iniquity, all which she had piously laid by, to comfort her declining Age, and pay for her Passage to a State of eternal Rest.—Her Meekness and Piety, fled with her Gold, were replaced by the most tempestuous ungovernable Fury, set forth in the adequate Phraseology of Oaths and Execrations, horrible to hear.

Our Hero, having gained Admittance to her Presence, found her sunk in one of those Intervals, when Passion, wearied with Struggling, subsides into a Calm. He approached her with great Civility, and sympathetic Concern stamped upon his Brow; then asked her, if she could give him any Direction to Mr. *Shark*—To this she replied, that
she

she had other Matters to think of, than answering impertinent Questions. *Nay, Madam (says Dick) I cannot see what Impertinence there is in asking a Wife for her Husband—*This Mention of so dreadful an Object raised her lurking Choler, and, with a Countenance not a little terrifick (for at the best she had a hatchet Face, and Anger never failed to improve it into the horrible) she demanded what the Fellow meant by the Name *Shark*, and the Word Husband? *Because, Madam (says our Hero) he told me himself he was to be married to you, and I heard since that the Ceremony was performed.*

Oho! then I find (cries the old Lady) that the Villain who has robbed and ruined me, made Use of an occasional Name—And you are one of his Companions, are you? just such another Scoundrel, I suppose—Sirrah, I have a great Mind to have you secured as an Accomplice—Where's my Money, you Rascal?—Our Hero, astonished at this surprizing Charge, stared with Amazement at the Woman,

Woman, and stammered out some very imperfect Answer; which she immediately interpreting as a strong Circumstance of his Guilt, declared she would have him before a Justice of the Peace, to give an Account of himself: Who he was? What he followed? and a long &c. of Interrogatories, not one of which *Dick* could have answered in a Manner satisfactory to a Magistrate, or creditable to himself; wherefore he thought it very convenient to bear her opprobrious Allegations very patiently, that he might, if possible, avoid such a Scrutiny into his Affairs and Situation as she threatened.

In order to gain a Hearing, he threw out some pathetic Sentences of deep Condolence for any Loss she might have sustained; declared solemnly, that he himself was a very great Sufferer by her villainous Husband; and that the principal Intention of his Visit, was to endeavour at getting some Intelligence, whereby he might be able to trace and discover so infamous a Rogue.

This,

This, Madam (continues he) I was the more induced to, by the excellent Character I have heard of you; one that deserves a better Fate, than you have found in your Connection with the Rascal that has plundered us—My Interest, and Regard for you, as a Person of most valuable Qualifications, will make me take every Method that can be thought of for bringing him to Justice, and I have very great Hopes of being able to effect it.

The old Lady, somewhat softened by what he had said, changed from Rage to Tears, and set forth her Case in the most melancholy Light strong Feeling could pourtray; begging of our Hero, that, as he wore the Appearance of Honesty and Consideration (though here she observed, Looks were not to be depended on, for that her Robber of a Husband had betrayed her with the most sanctified Appearance) he would let her know, if he received any Account of *Mildman*, for that, she observed, was the Name *Shark* had married her by: Which Request *Dick* promising

misgiving faithfully to comply with, took his Leave, not a little rejoiced that he had escaped the threatened magisterial Examination.

Next Morning, while our Hero was considering how to make the most of that little *Skark* had left him, he was told a well-dressed elderly Woman desired to see him. This Circumstance did not at all please him, as he imagined it to be his Friend's Widow, whom he sincerely wished never to see again, but could not think how any Circumstance of unlucky Fate could have discovered his Place of Residence to her; however he thought it prudent, tho' disagreeable, to admit her, therefore desired a Servant to shew the Person up, whose Appearance put an End to his Apprehension, as he did not recollect ever to have seen her—She delivered him the following Letter, which, having desired her to be seated, he perused.

“ S I R,

“ S I R,

“ **I** Hope the Freedom of this Ad-
“ dress may not prejudice you a-
“ gainst the Writer—I should not have
“ taken so great, and perhaps culpa-
“ ble a Liberty, unless impelled there-
“ to by an irresistible Power. A Point
“ of much Consequence to me, and
“ one, I hope, not unworthy your No-
“ tice, calls for an Interview; which, if
“ it suits your Conveniency, I wish to
“ be this Evening, between Five and
“ Six o’Clock, which will extremely
“ oblige,

“ *Yours,*

“ CYNTHIA.

“ *P. S.* Your Answer may be ver-
“ bal, as the Bearer is very trusty.”

This Summons came upon our He-
ro somewhat unseasonable, as he was
about the same Time obliged to attend
Flavia; who, being returned to Town,
had solicited his Company that very
Evening.

Evening.—This occasioned him to hesitate some Time for a proper Answer: At length he told the Messenger, that he esteemed himself particularly unfortunate, as having an Engagement already on his Hands, which rendered him incapable of attending at the appointed Hour—To which the good Woman replied; that, as his Appearance, for ever so short a Space, would be very agreeable to the young Lady, she imagined he might, without infringing upon his Pre-engagement, fulfil the Purpose of a first Interview. This Proposition seeming reasonable, *Dick* consented to answer the Letter in Person, and asked for a Direction to the Place of Meeting. The Messenger told him, at the House of one Mrs. *Backstich*, a Milliner, in *Cheapside*, and then took her Leave.

Dick, that he might not trespass upon *Flavia*, went to Mrs. *Backstich*'s rather before Five o'Clock, where he was shewed into a Dining-room, and found he had not anticipated Time;
for

for in less than five Minutes a middle-sized young Lady, of a pleasing Person, and delicate Features, made her Appearance. After the usual Ceremony, with many strong Symptoms of Diffidence, she expressed herself to the following Purpose, *viz.* That she was conscious of having taken what the World calls an imprudent Step, but at the same Time hoped she would deserve Pity, rather than Censure; when it was considered, that the Impulse, the irresistible Impulse of a Passion she had conceived for him, urged her to so imprudent a Method of Proceeding: Adding, that she would have been much better pleased to disclose it, in a Manner more consonant with that Decorum Persons of her Sex should preserve, but as no Opportunity of that Sort offered, she chose rather to hazard her Character, knowing the Purity of her own Intentions, than suffer the intolerable Pangs of Silence.

This

This Attack seemed very untimely, to one engaged in so agreeable an Intrigue as that of our Hero with *Flavia*; however, resolving not to let any Fish escape his Net, he told the Lady, that her engaging Accomplishments demanded Homage from every Heart penetrable to the Eye of Beauty, and her Understanding must capivate the most critical Judgment; however, that he feared her Taste would fall under the Imputation of Error, for selecting so unworthy an Object as him, from among Numbers much more deserving of her Regard; nevertheless, that he was so far meritorious as to have a Heart pregnant with Gratitude, which would always urge him to pay due Acknowledgements for Favours conferred, and especially those of so fair a Benefactress.

The Lady then proceeded to the following Disclosure of herself; premising, that she had strong Confidence in his Integrity, or else she would not run so great a Hazard of Ruin as she did

did by the present Proceeding; then informed him that she was the Daughter of Mr. *A—— B——*, a Jew Merchant, who lived in *D—— S——*; that she had been educated in the Principles of her Father's Religion, but detested them; that her Father was then going to settle a Covenant of Marriage between her and young Mr. *Zorobabel*, whom she likewise detested; that as her Thoughts had long inclined her to a Christian Husband, and Affection had settled those Thoughts upon him, she would hazard the Loss of the Fortune her Father intended her, and make him, at the End of three Months, she being then of Age, Master of her Person, and a Fortune of ten Thousand Pounds, left her by an old Uncle; who having a little before his Death quarrelled with her Father for marrying a young Wife, left her so much, to render her independant of an indiscreet Parent.

This Ecclaircissement gave our Hero much Satisfaction, and inwardly he

F

thanked

thanked *Madam Fortune* for giving him so good a Prospect of retrieving his Losses ; while all the Eloquence he was Master of, was used to convince *Miss B——*, of what an indelible Impression her generous Love made upon him, and how much he would endeavour to improve the favourable Opinion she had conceived of him, by the most invariable Constancy, and perfectest Compliance with whatever she should wish or command.

The Sum Total of this Interview was, that *Miss B——*, after observing again, tho' her Proceeding could not give the most favourable Opinion of her Principles, yet she hoped to convince him, that she had more true Honour than many Prudes, who would condemn her as unpardonable ; and reminding him, that Secresy was necessary, dismissed him to fulfil his previous Engagement ; adding, that whenever a favourable Opportunity offered she would let him know, and
hoped

hoped on such Occasions for the Favour of his Company.

Our Hero now made all possible Haste to *Flavia*, whom he found somewhat ruffled at his Delay ; for the appointed Time had slipped above half an Hour, before his Arrival ; and as Minutes to Lovers in Expectation seem Days, the Lady could not avoid observing, that she began to despair of seeing him ; that it was plain his Professions of Love had very little Sincerity in them ; that she supposed he had started some new Game, after which his Inconstancy led him, and to which she supposed her small Interest in his Heart was of Course to be sacrificed.

Dick, thinking it very necessary to keep well with a Person, who, by several considerable Presents, convinced him of her Capacity to serve lucrative Ends, and not being sufficiently ascertained of his fair *Israelite's* Identity, he summoned the whole Force of his Rhetoric to remove *Flavia's* Displeasure,

sure, with some Difficulty restoring her Heart to its native Serenity.

He renewed many former Vows of the most stable Fidelity; superadding such as he thought might serve to improve her Confidence. At the Close of this Meeting, *Flavia* told him, she was again obliged to go into the Country for three or four Days; at which he observed, that her Absence gave him inexpressible Concern, and that he should be a Stranger to Joy, 'till she returned: *However*, (continues he, kissing her fair Hand) *that blest'd Time once arrived,*

*Then will I own, I ought not to complain,
Since that sweet Hour might balance
Years of Pain.*

With this heroical Couplet the Lovers parted; and our Hero, by his own Desire, was set down at a Coffee-house in *Fleet-street*, where, meeting some young Fellows of his Acquaintance, he adjourned to a neighbouring
Tavern,

Tavern, and there remained 'till near Two o'Clock in the Morning; at which Time strolling Home towards *Southampton-street*, he heard near *Exeter-exchange* a Noise, as if of a Scuffle, and a Man cry out for Help. Having some Share of Courage and Good-nature, he drew his Sword, and stepped up to the Assistance of the distressed Person. Upon his Approach the Assailants fled, and he saw a Man lying prostrate on the Ground, from whom he could not get any Answer. This occasioned his calling out for the Assistance of a Watchman, and tho' there were several within Ear Shot, yet they, being happily reposed in the Embraces of Sleep, he called for a considerable Time in vain, upon those *worthy* Protectors of the nocturnal Peace: However, at last a Couple came to his Assistance; by the Light of whose Lanthorns, he discovered the Person to be a genteel-dressed Man, of middle Age, and most terribly wounded. While they were perusing his Appearance, he gave

two or three very heavy Groans, which convincing our Hero that Life remained, a Matter he had 'till then doubted, he ordered the Watchmen to assist in carrying him to a neighbouring Bagnio, where he had the wounded Person laid on a Bed, and sent for a Surgeon with all imaginable Expedition; which Rectifier of the human Oeconomy, upon Inspection, declared the Patient to be in most imminent Danger; however, took such Steps as might tend to his Recovery: Which being done, and all Necessaries ordered, *Dick* retired Home, to enjoy that real Satisfaction which accrues from the Consciousness of a good Action; that Self-approbation, which has given Rise to the Axiom, that *Virtue is her own Reward.*

C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

Hazard receives Information who the wounded Person is — Gets agreeable Intelligence concerning Miss B — Meets her at Mrs. Backstitch's again — A Disappointment — A curious Love Letter — Meets Flavia — An unexpected Ecclaircissement — An Elopement — Goes to Paris, thence to Toulon ; embarks on Board a Ship for Genoa.

THE next Day Hazard went to the Bagnio, and had the Pleasure to find, that the wounded Person was in a much better State than could be expected ; and, upon approaching his Bed-side, received the most grateful Acknowledgments a very weak State of Body would admit, for his generous Care ; and then was informed, that he had exerted his Good-nature in Favour of Captain *Steerwell*, who commanded a Ship trading to the *Levant*, and who would, in Case of Recovery, be very glad of cultivating

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an Intimacy with him : In short, his Humanity had so good an Effect, that the Captain was enabled to reach his own House at *Wapping* in less than a Fortnight, and in about as much more Time perfectly recovered. While he staid in *England*, our Hero, at earnest Intreaty, paid him several Visits, and was always received with the most zealous, tho' blunt Friendship.

Having done *Dick's* Character the Justice to relate this favourable Anecdote, which our strict Impartiality, as a faithful Historian, absolutely required we should do, as we have shewn so many Deficiencies in his Conduct, we will step back to the Day after his parting last with *Flavia* ; when, to satisfy some Doubts he had concerning Miss *B——*, he made a Trip to *D—— S——*, and chanced to see the young Lady sitting in the Dining-room Window of a very handsome House. She perceived him, and started as if surprized ; however, he passed on without being so particular in his Observation, as to
occasion

occasion any Suspicion, had he been remarked. Having got to the Corner of a neighbouring Street that looked into the S——, he asked a Chairman, Who lived at two or three different Houses? and being informed, questioned him concerning Mr. B——'s. *Oho! by my Shoul* (says the Chairman, whom you will find by his Accent to be a Foreigner) *the Maister of dat Housh is a Jew, and he is as rich as a Jew—The People shay he shawels up his Money in Heapes.* Dick then asked, Had he any Family? to this the Answer was, That he had a young Wife, whom he married about twelve Months before, and one Daughter.

Hazard, having received this satisfactory Intelligence; satisfactory, as it was directly consonant with Miss B——'s Account, remained possessed with the most favourable Hopes, that Fortune would now, once for all, make sufficient Amends, and place him beyond the Reach of her own Caprice: These, and Success at Gaming, which had in-

creased the one Hundred *Shark* left him, to five hundred Pounds, gave him his usual Sprightliness.

Two Days after, by a particular Summons, he attended Miss at Mrs. *Backstitch's*. While Tea was preparing, the young Lady told him, that she highly commended his Caution, in not taking particular Notice of her at the Window; then observed, that the painful Necessity of admitting *Zorobabel's* Visits, was the greatest Uneasiness she laboured under; however, she thought them less disagreeable, as she hoped soon to be entirely freed from them.

The Discourse during Tea was mostly general, as Mrs. *Backstitch* was present; unless when that good Lady particularized some of her Neighbours, for the laudible Purpose of lacerating their Characters without Mercy. A fashionable Part of Conversation, which she cut a most conspicuous Figure in, not only as a Woman, but also as a Milliner.

At this Meeting the fair *Israelite* was stinted in Time, so that, being obliged to hurry away very shortly after Tea, nothing more occurred, but that she told her Swain, she would meet him again the next Day but one, or, in Case of any unforeseen Prevention, would write a Letter to acquaint him therewith; adding, that if he had any Thing to communicate in the same Manner, Mrs. *Backstitch*, who was a very *prudent, good-natured* Woman, would convey it properly to her Hands.

At the appointed Time *Dick* went to meet his Nymph, but instead of personal Interview received the following Letter.

“ S I R,

“ **I** Hope you will do me the Justice
 “ to think, that my being under
 “ an absolute Necessity of staying at
 “ Home this Evening, gives me much
 “ Uneasiness; however, in a Day or
 “ two, I hope to have an Opportu-
 “ nity

“ nity of seeing you. The Time you
 “ shall be properly apprized of. I am,
 “ in great Haste,

“ *Your very humble Servant,*

“ ISABELLA B——.”

On Receipt of the Letter, our Hero expressed vast Uneasiness; being sure, that Mrs. *Backstitch* would tell his fair Correspondent what Concern his not seeing her gave him; and, to pave the Way for such Information, he sat down, and wrote what follows.

“ MADAM,

“ **Y**OUR Charms, which cannot be
 “ out-valued by any Thing but
 “ those generous Sentiments which dig-
 “ nify your Heart, have made so deep an
 “ Impression upon me, that Reflection
 “ furnishes no other Object; but alas!
 “ How weak is imaginary Pleasure?
 “ How poorly does the Mind image
 “ such Perfection?—how then must I
 “ regret any Accident that deprives me
 “ the

“ the Pleasure of seeing, and the more
 “ consummate Satisfaction of hearing
 “ you?—I have kissed the Letter you
 “ honoured me with a hundred Times,
 “ in Reverence of the fair Hand that
 “ wrote it, the generous Heart that
 “ dictated, and the sprightly Imagina-
 “ tion that worded it—But whither
 “ do I wander? Were I to enumerate
 “ your Perfections, my Letter would
 “ grow into a Volume, and my heat-
 “ ed Senses into Frenzy; therefore,
 “ to avoid the two disagreeable Cir-
 “ cumstances of Prolixity and Incohe-
 “ rence, I beg Leave to conclude at
 “ once, with subscribing myself, most
 “ inviolably and devotedly,

“ *Your Admirer,*

“ *and very Humble Servant,*

“ RICHARD HAZARD.”

The preceding Scrap of Fustian fi-
 nished and sealed, was delivered, with
 five Guineas; into the Hand of Mrs.
Backstitch; who, having the same fail-
 ing

ing as has been often discovered in Persons in a higher Station, could never withstand the alluring Aspect, and persuasive Elocution of a Bribe, let the Subject of it be ever so iniquitous. However, this was meerly given to quicken her Zeal, not to corrupt her Honesty; which in Reality was a Thing not to be done, as she had long since forfeited all Claim to that Attribute.

After this, our Hero, returning Home, found, at his Lodgings, a Note from *Flavia*; signifying, that she was just arrived in Town, and expected to see him the ensuing Evening. He obeyed the Summons with great Pleasure, as her Behaviour had inspired him with a secret Regard, superior to any Thing he felt from Miss B——'s Influence, Fortune excluded—He was shewed into the Room where they had always met, and there remained near a Quarter of an Hour alone; at length the Door opened, when, to his inexpressible Surprize and Satisfaction, *Flavia* appeared with her Face unmasked
—We

—We have already panegyricized her Person, and, must now add, that the Charms of her Countenance, were rather superior to the delicate Propriety of her Limbs and Shape—This unexpected Blaze of Beauty staggered our Hero for some Moments; he at length approached to salute her with that Familiarity, which their Intercourse for some Time past sufficiently authorized; but, to his utter Astonishment, he was repulsed with Looks none of the most favorable, and desired, in a very cold Manner, to be seated—Tho' almost struck speechless with this Behaviour, he collected himself so much as to tell her, that concealing such Beauty as would ornament a Throne, and captivate Kings, was an Act of Cruelty, where she had vouchsafed such convincing Proofs of her Regard. To this she replied, that his Compliments spoke him well acquainted with Female Vanity, but as they were only Lip-praise, to cover a dishonest, paltry Dissimulation, she despised them; and that

that he was much deceived, if he imagined such counterfeit, common-place Phrases, would pass with her for the Tribute of sterling Affection. No, (continued she) *where I bestow my Heart entire, I expect one in Return, without the Incumbrance of any mortgaging Vows upon it, but those given to me; or, what is still worse, the soul-rending Torment of frigid Neglect, strained into an unnatural and aukward Complaisance.*

Here Dick called Heaven, Earth, Sun, Moon and Stars to Witness, that before he had seen her beauteous Face, the Charms of her Mind and Person had fixed him unalterably hers; that he had never wronged her Confidence in Thought, Word, or Deed, but paid her the most sincere Devotion, that ever human Heart offered to the Object of its Adoration: Adding, in Heroics;

*No holy Martyr, at his latest Hour,
With more Devotion smooth'd his Way to Bliss,
Than I with Love and Gratitude adore
The bright Perfection of thy boundless Charms.*

His

His Declarations seemed to have a favourable Effect upon the Lady ; for with a more placid Countenance she told him, that, as it was impossible any Person, who had the least Spark of Honour remaining, could so solemnly attest a Falsity, she would suppress the Fears Love had occasion'd ; then added, that she had received the same Day a very diverting Billet Deux, which in some Measure, to retaliate the Uneasiness her Suspicion had apparently given him, she would submit to his Perusal. Upon which she presented a Letter to our Hero, who found, upon looking at it, that it was no other than his Letter to Miss B——. The Shame and Astonishment of such a palpable Conviction, struck him into a State of undescribable Confusion ; Guilt appeared manifest in his Looks, and fettered the Organs of Speech—To augment his Misery, *Flavia*, with a taunting Smile, said, *Why you seem to know the Hand ; some Acquaintance of yours,*

yours, I suppose, wrote that rapturous Epistle.

Dick could not bear any longer in Silence his irksome Situation; so, throwing himself at her Feet, with the most beseeching Voice and Countenance, which such a piteous Crisis could produce, he told her, that he was conscious of the most enormous Guilt; a Guilt so unpardonable, that he could not presume to hope for the least Indulgence, and expected no less than the terrible, tho' just Sentence of eternal Exile from her Presence; a Punishment, however Appearances spoke against him, that he shuddered to think of.

Oh, (cries *Flavia*, interrupting him) give me Leave to say, the Exile you speak of is what you most desire, as it will free you from the disagreeable Incumbrance of a foolish Woman, whose Fondness and Sincerity have rendered her an Object of Contempt—No, Sir, your Wishes shall be checked another Way—Miss B—— shall never fall a Prey to one, who has
so

so little Sense of Gratitude or Honesty. It is in my Power to take such Steps as will prevent her Ruin, and rest assured you shall never see her more.

After much more similar Altercation, Railing on her Side, and Supplication on his, she declared herself in the following Manner, having first shed a Flood of Tears.

*Sir, I have already sacrificed my Reputation to you, thro' the Violence of an unhappy Passion, which neither Reason, nor the Danger of indulging it could restrain; and tho' I have discovered a Revolt of your Affection, I must own I cannot live in a State of Separation. I flatter myself, that repeated signal Instances of Love, will at last conquer that Inconstancy which has occasioned my present Uneasiness—Thus then the Case stands; I am the unhappy Wife of that very Person whose Daughter you wrote that Letter to—Her Confidence in me, tho' a Step-mother, occasioned her to communicate that gallant Production—I was obliged, by the Avarice of my Father, to
become*

become Mr. B——'s Wife twelve Months ago, at which Period I became miserable; for, exclusive of a vast Disparity of Age, our Dispositions are so opposite, that Flame and Frost might as easily agree—This preposterous Connection laid my Heart open to the Impression you have made upon it; therefore, if you dare make an Expedition with me to some more favourable Clime, where Love may not fear legal Interruption, I'll take Care to make such Provision, as will enable us to taste every Pleasure in Life.

This romantic Proposition surprized our Hero; but, as his Affairs were situated, it appeared to be the best Step he could take, being, as he found, out of all Hopes of succeeding with Miss B——, therefore he agreed to attend her. Upon which, a Day for Departure being settled, our Hero met the Lady at an appointed Place, and they immediately proceeded to *Dover*, and from thence to *Calais*, which, with a favourable Gale, they reached in a few Hours. Here they stopped some Time
for

for Refreshment, and then set forward, with all possible Expedition, for *Paris*, which they reached without meeting any Thing particular.

On their Arrival at the *Gallic Metropolis*, *Dick* inspected the Finances, and found the Lady had made a very handsome Collection of Bills, Jewels, and Specie, to the Amount of near ten thousand Pounds; which, by the Way, was not above one Fifth of her Husband's Fortune. *Dick* thought it convenient to negotiate the Bills as soon as possible, lest they might occasion a Discovery. Having taken this Step of necessary Caution, he intimated to Mrs. B——, that Prudence demanded a safer Retreat, and therefore proposed a Trip to *Genoa*. She, who had no particular Inclination to gratify, as to the Place of Residence, left herself entirely to his Direction. This Design he meditated on about a Week; when, going into a Coffee-house, he by Chance heard the Name of B—— mentioned three or four Times, with the

the Addition of these Words; that if such a Woman was in *Paris*, they would take Steps which must discover her. This alarmed our Hero, and convinced him, that a Removal was absolutely necessary; therefore he hastened Home to his Lady, told her what he had heard, and prepared immediately for Departure.

The next Day they set out Post for *Toulon*, at which Place they arrived safe, tho' very much fatigued; and having passed a Week there, went on Board a *French Ship* bound for *Genoa*.

C H A P. IX.

Commence intimate with a Fellow Passenger—Mrs. B—— asks his Story—which he begins with much Reluctance, and tells very pathetically—An Alarm.

ON going Aboard the Ship, they found but one Passenger, a young Gentleman of very pleasing Aspect and genteel Appearance, who saluted them

them with much Politeness, but wore such strong Marks of a fixed Melancholy on his Countenance, that our Travelers could not avoid feeling some Concern for him—He seemed shy of Conversation, yet answered some occasional Questions with great Affability. Mrs. B—— began to feel that womanish Characteristic Curiosity, urge her very strongly to an Enquiry of his Circumstances; for which End she persuaded our Hero to cultivate an Intimacy, and invite him to partake of some of their Provision. Which being done, she took Occasion to mention his Melancholy; adding, that it must be some very weighty Grief, that could so much depress the Spirits of Youth and Fortune, both which he seemed to possess—*Ab! Madam* (replies he) *What is Youth? What is Fortune? What Power or Titles, if the Heart cannot feel Repose? — Nothing but a splendid Covering of Sorrow. I have been happy—Greatly so — And the Remembrance only serves to make my present*

sent State the more wretched — I could relate the Passages of a Life, which, tho' but in its Spring, has produced Incidents fatally striking — But why should I offer any Thing so unpleasing to View? Why should I endeavour to touch, with contagious Grief, Persons who have Humanity enough to sympathize in others Woes? A generous Tenderness you must eminently possess, by the kind Concern you show for the external Marks I wear of an internal Woe — No, let my Story lie buried in that Breast, which is the Seat of Misery and Despair.

This pathetic Manner of declining the Disclosure of his Story, increased the Curiosity of our Travellers so much, that they urged him, with all the Importunity Good-manners would admit, to communicate, as some Alleviation, the Cause of his Grief: Which he did as follows; previously observing, that their humane Endeavours to remove, or lighten his Anxiety, in Justice commanded a Compliance, with what they condescended to request.

“ As

" As to my Birth," says the young
 Gentleman, " let it suffice to observe
 " in general, that the Family I am of,
 " claims a very exalted Place in the
 " Heraldry of *France*. My Father for-
 " merly filled a very considerable Post
 " in the Army with great Honour,
 " but being, by some Court Intrigues,
 " removed from his Command, he
 " asked, and obtained Leave to resign
 " his Commission ; resolving never
 " more to join the Bustle of Life,
 " but pass the Remainder of his Time
 " with philosophic Ease, in rural Re-
 " tirement ; a Situation I shared with
 " him, in which I had the particular
 " Advantage of receiving literary In-
 " struction from him, administered
 " with all the Attention which might
 " be expected from the most affecti-
 " onate Father ; and as he was posses-
 " sed of great natural and acquired
 " Abilities, I made a very considera-
 " ble Progress in Study under his Care :
 " However, he thought the finishing
 " of a Collegiate Education necessary ;
 G. " there-

“ therefore sent me to a learned Se-
“ minary, at the Age of Fifteen.
“ There I remained for four Years, at
“ the End of which Time I return’d
“ to my Father’s House, where I had
“ not been above a Fortnight, before
“ Death deprived him of a most va-
“ luable Wife ; and me of the tender-
“ est of Mothers. The Concern that
“ this Accident gave us both was
“ such, as might be expected Hearts,
“ sensible of so great a Loss, could
“ feel. We watered her Grave with
“ the Tears of unfeigned Sorrow, and
“ always paid to the Remembrance
“ of her the Tribute of heart-sprung
“ Sighs ; but of all who knew her,
“ none so thoroughly lamented her
“ Death as a young Woman, a Found-
“ ling, whom her Charity had main-
“ tained and educated from a State of
“ Childhood, with very near the same
“ Degree of Tendernefs and Care, as
“ if she had been a Daughter. Affec-
“ tion and Gratitude so strongly pos-
“ sessed this Girl, that she could hardly
“ be

" be prevented from following her
 " Benefactress, by the dreadful Path
 " of Suicide. Knowing my deceased
 " Parent's Regard for her, I endea-
 " voured to mitigate her Sorrow ; and,
 " after some Time, so far prevailed,
 " as to make her consider it in the
 " Light of Nature's unavoidable Con-
 " clusion, which must at one Time
 " happen to all who live—Thus did
 " I frequently moralize, and her good
 " Sense told her, that I was right ; so
 " that she was restored to a State of
 " some Quietude—But, alas ! I knew
 " not, while I was giving Peace to
 " her Heart, that it was the Plunder
 " of my own : I thought myself act-
 " ing as a Friend, but could not dis-
 " cover, that my Humanity had led
 " me into such a Situation, as Time
 " shortly after discovered me to be in.
 " *Janeton* (so she was called) had,
 " before my Departure to the Col-
 " lege, (tho' at that Time she was
 " but eleven Years old) much engaged
 " my boyish Affection : But during

“ my four Years Absence, how much
“ was she improved !—Yet, ’till her
“ Beauties shone thro’ the Veil of pi-
“ ous Grief, they had not any percep-
“ tible Effect upon me : I still regard-
“ ed her with the strictest Friendship,
“ but never found the Thralldom of
“ my Heart, ’till I had been her Mo-
“ nitor ; in that charitable Character
“ I gazed and talked my Liberty a-
“ way—A Stranger to the Power of
“ Love ; for some Time I knew not
“ how to account for my Uneasiness
“ at her Absence ; and Pleasure, I
“ may say Raptures, in her Com-
“ pany—At last, being one Day alone
“ with her in the Garden, my Tongue,
“ by a kind of involuntary Motion,
“ revealed the Sentiments of my Heart
“ to her, and disclosed me to myself.
“ She listened to me with all the
“ Symptoms of secret Satisfaction ;
“ and when I concluded, burst into
“ Tears. This Circumstance gave me
“ very great Concern, as I did not
“ know how to account for it. The
“ Drops

“ Drops that issued from her Eyes,
 “ fell cold upon my Heart : I begged
 “ to know the Cause of such a sud-
 “ den violent Emotion. She endea-
 “ voured to deliver her Thoughts,
 “ but, thro’ Extremity of Confusion,
 “ could scarce find intelligible Utter-
 “ ance : However, she expressed her-
 “ self to the following Purpose—That
 “ she could not help lamenting her
 “ Situation, as a Dependant, as a
 “ Child of Poverty, fed only by the
 “ open Hand of Benevolence, with-
 “ out her having any farther Claim
 “ to Friends and Protection, than the
 “ human Form ; which unhappy Cir-
 “ cumstances must render her entirely
 “ unworthy of my Notice, otherwise
 “ than as an Object of Charity : *And*
 “ *this disagreeable Truth is rendered*
 “ *more insupportable* (continues she)
 “ *by somewhat I feel in my Breast,*
 “ *that aspires beyond the Lot of my*
 “ *Fortune ; that prompts me to bear,*
 “ *with Pleasure, the generous and*
 “ *undeservedly favourable Sentiments of*
 “ *your*

“ your Heart, which speaks so much
“ the Language of mine — Mine!
“ which would say much more than
“ Words can speak — But, oh! why
“ should I encourage a Weakness, which
“ must either prove destructive to you,
“ or to myself? — No, the former
“ shall never be, and the latter I am
“ sure your Humanity would teach you
“ to avoid.

“ While she spoke, I felt the most
“ inexpressible Pleasure; and could
“ never since determine which, the
“ Organs of Sight, or Hearing, are
“ capable of conveying the most deli-
“ cate Sensations to a feeling Heart —
“ I used the utmost Power of Love’s
“ Rhetoric, to make her appear more
“ respectable to herself. I endeavoured
“ to persuade her, the ill Conse-
“ quences she mentioned, were but
“ imaginary; and that our mutual
“ Loves, if crowned with Constancy,
“ must bid Defiance to the Malevo-
“ lence of Fortune: In short, some
“ Months flew past on *Cupid’s* Wings,
“ every

“ every Day adding to our reciprocal
 “ Affection. My Father’s tender U-
 “ sage of her added to our Satisfac-
 “ tion ; and our Wishes flattered us,
 “ that obtaining the Sanction of his
 “ Consent, would not be impractica-
 “ ble, as he was known to be one of
 “ those few judicious Men, who place
 “ Goodness of Heart in Preference to
 “ Nobleness of Blood, and held Vir-
 “ tue in greater Estimation than
 “ Riches.

“ One Day, being with him alone,
 “ he began to expatiate upon the ma-
 “ ny good Qualifications of *Janeton* ;
 “ which gave me the more particular
 “ Pleasure, as it flattered my Judg-
 “ ment, and presaged Success to my
 “ Wishes. He asked my Opinion,
 “ which, having received, (tho’ not in
 “ that Warmth of Expression which
 “ Love would have cloathed it) ob-
 “ serving it was perfectly consonant
 “ with his, he added, that in Con-
 “ sideration of the great Regard his
 “ deceased Wife had for the Girl, as

“ well as on Account of her personal
“ Merits, he thought it a Duty to
“ make a handsome Provision for her;
“ and having considered what would
“ be the properest Method, he re-
“ solved to—marry her. He observ-
“ ed, that my Countenance expressed
“ great Surprize at this Declaration;
“ and thereupon continued, that my
“ Surprize was natural, as he had ne-
“ ver given any previous Hint of such
“ a Design, tho’ it was a Matter he
“ had thought of for a considerable
“ Time, and was thoroughly resolved
“ upon, as he should not be easy with-
“ out her.

“ Endeavour to image what I
“ cannot express, and form some Idea
“ of my Situation at that terrible Mo-
“ ment. Every Fibre felt the Touch
“ of Agony, and Nature had much
“ Labour to sustain the Shock, or
“ keep the Springs of Life in Motion.
“ My Father seeing me affected with
“ terrible Symptoms, imagined some
“ constitutional Disorder had suddenly
“ seized

“ seized upon me, called Servants to
 “ assist him, had me carried to Bed,
 “ and sent for a Physician immedi-
 “ ately : However, before the Doctor
 “ came, I was tolerably recovered, no
 “ Mark of Illness remaining, but Low-
 “ ness of Spirits—I begged to be left
 “ alone for some Time, as I imagined
 “ a little Rest would do me great Ser-
 “ vice. Accordingly all Persons re-
 “ tired, and left me to brood at Lei-
 “ sure over my Sorrows. In this Si-
 “ tuation, harrassed Reflection sought
 “ but vainly a Refuge from Despair ;
 “ I knew not what Course to take ;
 “ the Loss of a Father, or yet a dearer
 “ Object, seemed inevitable. At length
 “ I resolved to try parental Affection,
 “ by a Disclosure of my Love, this
 “ being the shortest Way to prove
 “ my Fate. To be brief, I stated my
 “ Case so pathetically, that my Father,
 “ tho’ he had preferred many substan-
 “ tial Reasons against my extravagant
 “ Passion, said, to avoid giving me so
 “ much Uneasiness, as it appeared his

“ Marriage with her would ; that
“ tho’ he had really fixed his Heart on
“ her, he would sacrifice his Wishes
“ to my Quiet. In Return of which,
“ he requested (for it was not in his
“ Nature abruptly to command) that
“ I would go to *Paris* for six Months,
“ and endeavour to forget her ; that,
“ in the mean while, she should be
“ treated with the greatest Tender-
“ ness ; and if, at the Expiration of
“ that Period, my Passion continued,
“ he would consent to our matrimo-
“ nial Union ; assuring me also, that
“ he would not, during Absence, use
“ any Means of alienating her Affec-
“ tions.

“ The great Exertion of Good-
“ nature, used upon this Occasion by
“ my Father, left me no Excuse to
“ elude his Request ; the Compliance
“ with which, tho’ somewhat disa-
“ greeable, was nevertheless far pre-
“ ferable to the Dilemma which had
“ occasioned it. One Article I have
“ forgot to make mention of, *viz.*
“ that

“ that, during my Absence, I should
 “ not correspond with *Janeton*. Upon
 “ such Conditions I left my Father’s
 “ House, and proceeded to that of an
 “ Uncle in *Paris*, where I was recei-
 “ ved with the greatest Marks of
 “ Friendship, and kindred Affection.
 “ My Uncle’s Son, a young Gentle-
 “ man much of my own Age, took
 “ all possible Methods to remove the
 “ Concern, which seemed to wait on
 “ all my Motions. We visited all pub-
 “ lic Places, and tasted of every ur-
 “ ban Pleasure.

“ After I had been near five Weeks
 “ in Town, one Night at the Comedy,
 “ receiving some injurious Treatment
 “ from a Gentleman, who was placed
 “ near me, I insisted upon imme-
 “ diate Satisfaction; which he pro-
 “ posed giving me at a neighbouring
 “ Tavern. Thither we retired, and
 “ in about five Minutes, by some ex-
 “ traordinary Chance, a much more
 “ judicious and able Swordsman than
 “ myself fell at my Feet—I immedi-
 “ ately,

“ately went out, ordered Assistance
“to the wounded Person, and return-
“ed to the Theatre; where, telling
“my Cousin, who had not missed
“me, what had happened, he im-
“mediately advised me to get out of
“the Way, with all possible Expedi-
“tion, as in all Probability the Con-
“sequences of my Duel would be very
“bad. Accordingly we retreated to
“my Uncle’s, for that Night; and
“early the next Morning set out for
“a Country-seat of his near *St. Ger-*
“*mains*, where we hoped to be pri-
“vate. My Cousin, lest any Suspi-
“cion should take Place, went to Town
“every other Day for a Week: At the
“End of which Time, as I was one
“Morning walking in the Garden,
“several Persons approached, and
“took me into Custody for Murder,
“as they called it, and by them I
“was carried Prisoner to the *Bastile*.
“—This Accident scarce gave me a-
“ny Trouble, farther than the Un-
“easiness, the Grief it must occasion
“to

“ to my Father and *Janeton*—I lay in
 “ Prison for ten Days, without being
 “ allowed to see any Person but the
 “ Jailer ; or receiving any Intelli-
 “ gence, but that the Person I had
 “ fought with was dead. To which
 “ Circumstance, this very disagreeable
 “ Addition was made, that the de-
 “ ceased Person, being a young Noble-
 “ man, I could not hope to escape.
 “ On the eleventh Day of my Con-
 “ finement, my Uncle came to me ;
 “ and, with Tears in his Eyes, inform-
 “ ed me, that my Father was no
 “ more ; that having been seized with
 “ a violent Fever, and, during his
 “ Illness, being told of my Misfor-
 “ tune, it took such a sudden and fa-
 “ tal Effect upon him, that in a few
 “ Hours he breathed his last. This
 “ additional Shock of ill Fortune struck
 “ me with great Violence. *Good*
 “ *Heaven !* (exclaimed I) *how can I*
 “ *have deserved these Severities, which*
 “ *fall so fast and heavily upon me ?* My
 “ Uncle strove to assuage my Sorrows,
 “ and

“ and told me, that he hoped he
“ should be able to shield me from
“ some Part of the Law at least. I
“ told him, that the only Favour I
“ had left to ask, was to see, if pos-
“ sible, by his Means, *Janeton*—He
“ told me, that he expected her in
“ Town the next Day, and that I
“ might depend upon seeing her then.

“ According to my Expectation she
“ came ; but, alas ! how altered from
“ what she was two Months before !
“ The Roses of her Cheeks were
“ changed into a fallow Pale ; and
“ those Eyes, those charming Eyes,
“ where Love and Harmony united
“ fate, in Lustre that outshone the
“ Diamond’s Blaze, were sunk into
“ their livid Orbs—I started at the
“ Sight ; she melted into Tears, and we
“ both remained silent ; ’till my Uncle,
“ interrupting our dumb Scene of
“ Sorrow, told us, that, as we were
“ allowed but a certain Space of Time
“ for the Visit, we should endeavour
“ to make the best Use of the small
“ Liberty

“ Liberty allowed us—It would be te-
 “ dious to enumerate every minute
 “ Circumstance—I fear I have been
 “ prolix already — Therefore I shall
 “ only observe, that after much alter-
 “ nate Condolement, upon the Loss
 “ of so good a Friend, so good a Fa-
 “ ther, and of my unhappy Situation,
 “ we parted, and I was once again
 “ left in the most deplorable State.—
 “ I had wished to see my Love; and
 “ the Sight of her raised such a Tu-
 “ mult in my Breast, that now she
 “ was departed, I regretted having seen
 “ her — To be brief, we had many
 “ tender Interviews; much Interest
 “ was made to save my Life; and in
 “ Respect of my dead Father, whose
 “ Services to the Crown had been very
 “ great, that Boon was obtained—But
 “ for what better Fate? one that, in
 “ the Eye of Justice, seemed milder,
 “ yet was to me worse than ten thou-
 “ sand Deaths — An entire Sequestra-
 “ tion of my paternal Estate, and
 “ Condemnation for Life to the Gal-
 “ lies

“ lies— Think what I suffered, upon
“ being informed of this; Reason with
“ much Difficulty kept the Guidance
“ of my Senses — To think of Life
“ upon such Terms as Poverty, Sla-
“ very, and Separation from *Janeton*,
“ was what I could not patiently sub-
“ mit to; yet Rage was all in vain.
“ The Time of Departure for my State
“ of Slavery was appointed; and the
“ Night before, *Janeton* came to see
“ me. On her Arrival, she seem-
“ ed, or I thought so, to wear much
“ greater Serenity, than had appeared
“ in her Behaviour at any former Vi-
“ sit. This, tho’ her Grief gave me
“ Concern, furnished some Uneasiness;
“ for the Delicacy of my Passion felt
“ a Sort of jealous Suspicion, that her
“ Affection had taken some Turn, and
“ that her composed Air arose from
“ Indifference. Tho’ this Suspicion
“ lasted but a few Moments, yet sure
“ it was a Specimen of future Tor-
“ ments; for no Pain I ever felt be-
“ fore or since equalled it—But, oh!
“ how

“ how much did my precipitate In-
 “ terpretation of her Appearance
 “ wrong the real Sentiments of her
 “ Heart!—Scarce had we been an
 “ Hour together, when, throwing her
 “ Arms round my Neck (which Free-
 “ dom had never before passed be-
 “ tween us) she told me, that when
 “ an everlasting Farewel was going
 “ to take Place, it could not be a Vi-
 “ olation of Modesty, to indulge her
 “ Passion so far as an Embrace; and
 “ then added, she came to—die with-
 “ in my Arms — I endeavoured, as
 “ far as Grief would give me Leave,
 “ to speak the Words of Comfort to
 “ her mourning Spirit, and advised
 “ her to hope a better Time—To this
 “ she replied, Hope had so much
 “ deceived her, she had resolved ne-
 “ ver to trust it more; then informed
 “ me, that, ascertained of my Con-
 “ demnation, she could not bear the
 “ Thoughts of Separation, much less
 “ to live, while I was doomed to so
 “ deplorable a State; and that to re-
 “ lieve

“ lieve her from so terrible a Scene,
“ she had swallowed Poison—Scarce
“ had she given this Information, but
“ the fatal Draught took Effect; and,
“ in less than a Quarter of an Hour,
“ she died within these wretched
“ Arms. At that dread Instant Frenzy
“ seized me; my Curses were extend-
“ ed from Earth to Heaven—Myself,
“ the Day that gave me Birth, and
“ every Thing that Madness could
“ propose; and undoubtedly, had I
“ been furnished with the Means
“ of Self-destruction, I should have
“ plunged after her into the Depths of
“ Eternity; but Heaven chose to re-
“ serve me for other Purposes—At
“ the Time my Love departed, my
“ Uncle appeared, and brought with
“ him a yet farther Extension of Mer-
“ cy; which was, to remit the Pu-
“ nishment of Slavery for voluntary
“ Exile from *France* — This, some
“ Hours before, would have made me
“ happy— But at the Time it came I
“ was almost insensible of the Benefit;
“ how-

“ however, my Uncle took me to his
 “ own House ; and, having prepared
 “ Recommendations for me to a *Nea-*
 “ *politan* General, came with me to
 “ *Toulon*, and put me on Board the
 “ Vessel we are now in—This is the
 “ Sum of my unhappy Story ; which,
 “ however interesting and affecting to
 “ me, has, I fear, proved irksomely
 “ tedious to you.”

Mrs. B—— expressed much Con-
 cern at his Misfortunes ; praised his
 Manner of relating them, and was
 about to return him formal Thanks
 for the Obligation he had conferred
 on her, by so amply fulfilling her Re-
 quest, when she was interrupted by a
 very great Noise upon Deck ; the Oc-
 casion of which, we shall refer to ano-
 ther Chapter.

End of the FIRST BOOK.

T H E

T H E
ADVENTURES
O F
DICK HAZARD.

BOOK the Second.

C H A P. I.

*A Chapter which may be passed over,
without Prejudice to the Story—
Shakespear and Gratian introduced—
Reason for writing this Chapter.*

FRRIENDLY Reader (observe I am
more familiar than I was at the
Beginning) as you and I have had no
Converse since our setting out, but by
Way

Way of Narration, let me beg Leave to devote this Chapter to Refreshment, that we may take up the Thread of our Story with renovated Attention—Well then—Be informed, that you are now perusing a Piece written, or rather compiled, by one who has an utter Contempt for the Generality of Productions of this Sort—Methinks I hear you cry, *How came the Scribbler to undertake a Work which his own Judgment condemns?* To answer this, I produce the Words of *Juvenal*, where he says,

—— *Tenet insanabile multos,
Scribendi cacoethes.*

And confess myself one of that unhappy Number.

No Miser would feel more Pain at being parted from his Gold, no *Bacchanalian* from his Bottle, nor *Proselyte* of the *Paphian* Goddess from his Girl, than I should, to be divorced from my Pen—Write I must, even
at

at the Hazard of being called, and perhaps with great Justice, a Block-head for my Pains: However, in this Case, I am not the only Object for *Scorn to move her slow and pointing Finger at.*

I have already observed, that I must write; as to making Choice of this Method, I can only say, it is an implicit Compliance with the Taste of the Age. *What!* (cries Sir Critic) *an Author controul his Judgment, and prostitute his Reason, to please a depraved Majority—He must certainly be ignorant of Shakespear's fine Maxim—* “That
“ the Applause of one judicious Person is worth a whole Theatre of
“ others—” To this I reply, that the Booksellers won't be persuaded, the Sale of one hundred Copies is equal to that of a Thousand, tho' the former should fall under the Perusal of Men of Sense with Approbation, and the latter pass only through the Hands of so many Fools—In these Days, we may say of Merit, what the Satyrist
does

does of Probity, *Laudatur & alget*, except some unaccountable Circumstances concur to buoy it up.

As a farther Vindication of myself, I shall propose the following Opinion of an ingenious *Spaniard* (*Balthasar Gratian.*) He says, " There are some
 " certain Professions in the World,
 " whose principal Employment always
 " consists in chusing; those, particu-
 " larly, are of this kind, whose Aim
 " is to amuse and instruct: The Ora-
 " tor, therefore, makes Choice of a
 " plausible Subject; the Historian en-
 " deavours to make Pleasure and Pro-
 " fit inseparable; the Philosopher a-
 " dorns his sententious Maxims with
 " beautiful Language; and every one
 " of them (*give me Leave to add of*
 " all other *Authors*) if he would make
 " a certain Choice, must consult the
 " general Taste of the Age, that uni-
 " versal prevailing Taste must be their
 " Standard. They must prefer that,
 " not only to their own Judgments,
 " but to those of the most able Men
 " of

“ of their Profession ; for, What is the
 “ Opposition of any particular Opini-
 “ on, to that of the Public Voice ?
 “ A Gentleman who was one of the
 “ best Choice and finest Taste in *Spain*,
 “ used to say, whenever he gave an
 “ Entertainment, he consulted the
 “ Taste and Pleasure of his Compa-
 “ ny, and not his own Humour, nor
 “ his Clerk of the Kitchen’s.”

Thus I defend myself for becoming
 a *Memoirist* ; and as I know what a
 just Antipathy the Generality of Readers
 have to a Preface, I have here, in the
 Middle of my Work, introduced what
 more properly should have preceded
 it, that I might *take my Readers in*
 for a Perusal.

To conclude, though in general I
 condemn, yet I think Works of this
 Sort may serve a very noble Purpose,
 as they are a pleasing and exemplary
 Conveyance of Instruction, both for
 moral and social Conduct—If I could
 flatter myself this Piece was executed
 in such a Manner, as to answer that
 End,

End, I would gladly give up the Title to all other Merits as a Memoir-Writer.

CH A P. II.

The Subject of that Alarm, which concluded the First Book—The Fate of the young Frenchman—Change their Ship—Mrs. B—— makes a Conquest—An Instance of our Hero's Delicacy in Love—Grows fond of a young Lady in the House where he lives—She returns his Affection—A distracting Crisis—Meets a former Acquaintance—Is assisted by him—Put into great Fear—The Fate of Zamber and Mrs. B——.

THE interruptive Noise, which we mentioned at the latter End of the First Book, was occasioned by the Approach of an *Algerine Rover*, which very shortly after came up with them—A Sort of Skirmish ensued, in which the young *Frenchman*, whose Story we have related, met
H that

that Death which he seemed to wish, and endeavoured to provoke. Our Hero, Mrs. B——, and the Ship's Crew, were made Prisoners. At this Juncture our Travellers would have compounded for the worst Consequence that could have attended a Discovery in *London*——But Fate seemed determined to dispose of them as they deserved.

As they had in the *French* Ship passed for Brother and Sister, the better to elude their being traced, they determined to appear under the same Characters to their new Masters.

Being ordered on board the *Rover*, and passing in Review before the *Algerine* Commander, he expressed great Satisfaction on the Appearance of Mrs. B——, and seemed to prize her above any other Part of his Capture. By Means of a *French* Renegado, who served as an Interpreter, he entered into Conversation with her; and being told, that *Hazard* was her Brother, he ordered those Chains, which already
incumbered

incumbered the Limbs of our Hero, to be taken off; and softening from that Ferocity, which seemed natural to him, treated our Travellers with some Degree of Politeness; such as they could never have hoped for, from a Person of his Appearance or Sphere of Life. The other Prisoners met not so mild a Fate, tho', through the fair *Israelite's* Interposition, they found more Indulgence, than Wretches in similar Circumstances usually do.

From the Behaviour of *Zamber* (so the Commander was named) it was easy to perceive, that he intended to demand from Mrs. B—— such a Retribution of his Favours, as she abhorred the Thoughts of; for tho' her Behaviour, in Regard of our Hero, declared her incontinent, yet, in Reality, she was delicate in her Notions of Love, and of strict Constancy. Had she loved her Husband, she would certainly never have quitted him; but being cruelly forced into an unnatural Marriage, Compulsion height-

ened her Antipathy ; Love threw a pleasing Object in her Way, and resolving to get out of Misery at any Rate, she formed the illegal Connection we now view her in.

Dick perceiving what we have mentioned, the *Moor's* amorous Tendency, was resolved, as much as in his Power, to make it a favourable Circumstance. He was not such a Niggard in Love, as to wish an Engrossment of the *Israelite's* Charms ; but imagined, Participation with *Zamber* might secure Safety, and better Usage ; which appeared a very sufficient Retribution for admitting him a Sharer to his Stock of Happiness ; therefore, in a private Conference, he prepared Mrs. B—— for receiving *Zamber's* proffered Love favourably. This she declared against for a considerable Time ; but, after many Remonstrances of what ill Consequences must ensue from Perverseness, to her Gallant and herself, she agreed, however averse it might be to Inclination, to play the Hypocrite, and
dissemble

dissemble some Degree of Affection, to purchase Safety.

After two Days sailing they reached the Port of *Algiers*, where the Prisoners were immediately landed, and all carried to the Slave-market, except *Dick* and his *Israelite*, who were conducted to the Place of *Zamber's* Residence, and used with great Tenderness. They had not been many Days in this Situation, when the amorous *Moor* pressed Matters so far, that Mrs. *B*—— found Inclination must very speedily give way to Interest; and therefore proceeded to take the Advantage of her Master's Passion, in procuring such preliminary Articles, as she thought might tend to render Slavery more tolerable; the principal one of which was, that her Brother should be exempt from Labour, live in the same House, and have free Intercourse with her at any Time, it proved agreeable. All she desired was granted; and, in Return, *Zamber* took Possession of her Person.

Things being thus settled, they went on very smoothly, for near six Months, without any Thing particular happening. In that Space *Dick* attained some little Knowledge of the *Moorish* Language, and had frequent Proofs, that his *Israelite* preferred him to her *Mahometan* Gallant; tho' the latter was constantly studying Methods to gain her Esteem, so thoroughly had she captivated him.

Zamber had two Children; a Son, to whom, that he might stay at Home, and enjoy the Pleasures of Love, he had resigned the Command of his Ship; and a Daughter, named *Zulema*, whose extraordinary Beauty marked her as a Present for the Grand Seignor's Seraglio. This beauteous *Mahometan* had all the amiable Qualifications Nature could furnish; and such Education as the Country affords, had been bestowed on her with Care. Having a very laudable Thirst of Knowledge, she took great Pains to attain some Share of *English*; this she was
the

the better enabled to do, having been assisted by the Renegado we have mentioned, and learned to understand *French* very tolerably. She took particular Pleasure in conversing with our Hero and his *Israelite*, but always seemed fonder of Interviews with the former than the latter; asking him a Number of Questions concerning the Customs of his Country, the Information of which appeared to give her great Satisfaction. At last she became so unwarily constant in her Conversation with him, that Mrs. B—— took the Alarm, and went so far, as to intimate her Dislike of their Intimacy to *Hazard*; declaring, that, tho' for his Safety she had sacrificed her Person to the Object of her Hatred, she could not bear the most distant Idea of a Rival.

Possession having entirely palled our Hero's Affection, he heard her Suspicions without any farther Uneasiness, than what the Precariousness of his Safety, which her Rashness might de-

stroy, naturally produced: Upon the Principle of Self-preservation, he soothed her with the most solemn Vows; and having quieted her perturbed Spirit for the present, he told *Zulema*, for whom he had conceived a real Affection, to be more cautious. She, who thought no less favourably of him than he did of her, strictly followed his Advice, and behaved in such a Manner, as to leave no Foundation for Jealousy.

Several Months more passed on in a State of Tranquility; during which Time our Hero and *Zulema* had many private Meetings, wherein they had given and renewed mutual Vows, tho' it was hardly within the Verge of Hope to expect they could be at their own Disposal: At length, to bar all Expectation of Happiness, *Zulema* was informed, that against such a particular Day, she must be ready to depart for *Constantinople*, there to be honoured with the Embraces of *Mahomet's* illustrious and magnanimous Representative.

sentative—The glaring Prospect of so signal an Honour, lost all Power of Attraction in the Eyes of *Zulema*, whom Nature had formed averse to the slavish Enjoyments of Eastern Climes, so widely different from the generous Vassalage of free-born Love. It appeared to her as the utmost Malice of Fate, the sharpest Arrow of Misfortune; and she declared to our Hero, that if he could not devise any Method of Deliverance, she would apply herself to the last Refuge from Misery, the Antidote of Human Cares—Death.

Hazard, whose Timidity had meanly sheltered itself under the Prostitution of a Woman, whom Gratitude commanded him to love, was so effectually removed, by the sincere Affection he had conceived for *Zulema*, that he resolved to preserve her his, or follow her to the Grave; so remarkable is the Difference between a mercenary and voluntary Attachment.

In vain did he hunt thro' all the Mazes
of Reflection,

And range the Waste of desolate Despair,

In Search of Hope—One Day, walking towards the Harbour, he was surprised to be accosted, in the most friendly Manner, by a Person in a Seafaring Dress; but, after a Moment's Consideration, recollected the Features of Captain *Steerswell*; to whom, when left for dead by Street-Robbers, he had afforded Assistance. The Sight of a Countryman, and one whom he judged to be a Friend, was some Respite to the Anxiety his Soul then laboured with. The Captain asked him his Situation; and being informed of it, proposed taking him on Board his Ship, which was then in the Harbour, and conveying him to *England*. Our Hero said, that Redemption from Thralldom would be extremely agreeable to him upon one Condition, and then related his Connection with *Zulema*—

But

But Captain (continues he) *tho' my Life depends upon it, I cannot think of proposing so imminently dangerous an Exertion of your Friendship, as to assist our Escape.* To this the honest Sailor replied ; That he was very well pleased to have so good an Opportunity of returning the humane Generosity of our Hero ; and added, that no Danger would deter him from exerting that Friendship, which Honour and Gratitude demanded—*Hazard*, touched with the most lively Sense of the proffered Obligation, thanked him, and consented to make use of his Friendship.

Having now got a Glimpse of Hope, he hasted homeward, and the first favourable Opportunity communicated it to *Zulema* ; who received the Intelligence with all those Transports, which an Escape from the most imminent Danger could raise ; for the Fortitude of her Love removing every possible Prevention, she magnified the bare Possibility of Success into absolute Certainty.

Having

Having concerted Matters with Captain *Steerwell*, about the Mid-hour of the Night before that Day which was fixed for her Departure to the Seraglio, our Hero dressed her in a Suit of his own Cloaths (for none of his Wardrobe had been taken from him) and going with her to the Water-side, they were met by the Captain, who conducted them safe on Board his Ship.

Upon being lodged in the Cabin, the Captain informed our Hero, that he did not intend to sail the next Day, lest it might create Suspicion. This Circumstance much alarmed the two Lovers: However, their Friend bade them rely on his Care, for that, as his own Life lay at Stake, the Ship, Cargo, Crew, and all, they might depend upon the most prudent Caution. He then ordered a Watch upon Deck, to give Notice when any Boats were coming towards the Ship; and showed the Lovers a Trap-door, in the Centre of his Cabin-floor, which went
down

down into a Place where Goods, that they intended to bring Duty-free, were usually put; here he said, in Case of a Search, they must be contented to stow themselves.

The next Day they had Notice given them to retire, and accordingly got into their almost airless Retreat; where they had not long been, before they heard the terrifying Voice of *Zamber*, denouncing the most cruel Deaths to them both on Discovery, as well as Torture to the Abettors of their Escape: However, this Storm, after a strict Search in almost every Corner of the Ship, ceased, and our Lovers emerged out of their State of Suffocation, while all other Ships were undergoing a like Scrutiny—The same Day Captain *Steerwell* gave Notice, that he should sail upon the next, and the Ship was again searched, without discovering our Hero or his Mistress. They were now at the very agreeable Work of unmooring; when the Captain, who had been on Shore, came
Aboard,

Aboard, and gave them to understand, their Danger was at an End ; for that *Zamber*, after the second fruitless Search, had been killed by his favorite Captive ; who told him, in his dying Pangs, that it was only on Account of that Person, she falsely called her Brother, she had gratified his hateful Passion ; which Cause being removed, she killed him for being the Author of her Woes ; having so said, she likewise stabbed herself, and died in a few Minutes after.

Tho' this Account greatly dissipated their Fears, *Zulema* and our Hero felt considerable Concern ; she for a Father, who had always proved a tender Parent ; and he for an unhappy Woman of the most generous Principles, tho' violent Passions : One of whom Justice could only say with *Othello* ;

“ *She lov'd not wisely, but too well.*”

C H A P.

C H A P. III.

They arrive at Genoa—Sail for London—Meet with a Storm—Driven to Cork—Hazard hears of his Father's Death—Proceeds for London thro' Dublin, Holyhead, &c.—A very extraordinary Scheme, successful in Part—Its disagreeable Consequence—The unhappy Situation of Zulema—She is taken before Justice Lawless.

SERENE Skies and favourable Gales, gave the Ship a very agreeable and safe Passage to Genoa, where she was to take up some Velvets, consigned for one of her Owners. This was a very lucky Circumstance, as every one of the Bills our Hero had drawn in Paris were upon St. George's Bank—Those Bills, it is to be observed, he had saved by the necessary Precaution of Concealment, when the *Algerine* Rover bore down upon the Ship he was in; and his Preservation of them afterwards is not surprising, if we consider what Indulgence

dulgence he met with—Here then he went on Shore, taking *Zulema* with him: And while the Ship remained, which was about a Week, they bought up some Velvets for Clothes, and viewed every public Curiosity; upon which Occasion *Zulema* entertained her Lover with the most pleasing natural Criticisms.

Having once more embarked, they set Sail for *London*, and made a prosperous Voyage to the Mouth of the *British* Channel; where, meeting with a most violent Gale of Wind, they were driven out to Sea, and having lost a Mast, with which fell great Part of the Rigging, they beat about in great Distress for six Days; at the End of which Time, with much Difficulty, they made *Passage*, which is the Harbour of *Cork*, and distant from it about seven Miles—Our Hero would rather have landed any where else; however, extreme Danger made him glad of a Port at any Rate; and so much had this Storm disgusted him
and

and *Zulema*, that they mutually determined to go by Land to *Dublin*, and so cross the Channel to *Holyhead*. Our Hero, having taken Leave of his Friend Captain *Steerwell*, and forced upon him a very handsome Gratuity, for redeeming them from a State of Wretchedness, proceeded to *Cork*; and there making some distant Enquiry, from Persons who did not know him, concerning his Father, he was informed, that the old Gentleman had so much taken to Heart the Misconduct of a profligate Son, that his Constitution failed under the Shock, and gave him to the Grave. As to his Fortune, they said it appeared he had left it to some very distant Relation—The latter Circumstance did not affect *Dick* much, as it was what he had Reason to expect; the former indeed, so much Grace had he, gave him some Compunction.

Thus informed, our Hero set out with his *Mahometan* Mistress for *Dublin*; where, as his Character was too pub-

publickly known, he did not chuse to make any Delay ; therefore, with all convenient Speed, embarked on Board one of the Pacquets for *Holyhead*, which they reached safely in twelve Hours, and from thence proceeded to *London* ; at Sight of which Metropolis, after an Absence of eighteen Months, *Hazard* heartily rejoiced.

Being Master of full ten thousand Pounds, he resolved to lead a Life of Elegance ; for all his Ups-and-downs had not taught him Prudence——He therefore took a House in *Pall-Mall*, hired Servants, and set up a Chariot.

On appearing in Public, he was congratulated by many former Acquaintances, but what most drew general Attention was *Zulema*, who, at his particular Desire, which constituted her Inclination, wore the Habit of her Country ; which exotic Appearance, joined to her almost unequalled personal Charms, drew all Eyes after her wherever she went ; the Men to
praise

praise and admire, the Women to envy and detract.

Dick had not been many Days in Town, when he received Information, to quell the most distant Fears of Discovery, which however was hardly possible, that old *B—*, who had been at *Richmond* when his Wife thought proper to elope, on Discovery of her Flight and his Loss, had sent circular Letters to every Place in *Europe*, where any Jewish Brethren resided, hoping to detect the Lady; but finding all Endeavours fruitless, in about six Months he died melancholy mad, thro' the dreadful Expectation of Bankruptcy and Starving, being worth no more, after his Loss, than forty thousand Pounds.

The Pregnancy of *Zulema* was a Circumstance of additional Comfort to our Hero, and scarce any Wish remained unsatisfied. He was perfectly the Lover; and the Pleasure to see his Affection returned by the most unfeigned Passion, made him supremely happy.

happy. That critical Hour, when Hopes and Fears take Place, the Hour of Delivery, approached fast ; and our Hero, in the Height of his Anxiety, addressed himself to Prayer, the first Time for several Years ; and was made happy by the agreeable Consequence, (not of his Devotion, we may presume, but rather his Love) a fine Boy—*Sweet as his Mother's Beauty*—This was our Hero's Æra of true Satisfaction ; and he now found Conviction in himself, that Youth has no Pleasure equal to parental Joy.

In the usual Space of Time *Zulema* recovered ; and was, in the Eyes of her Lover, more engaging, than when she was decked with Virgin Charms. She again appeared in publick, and still continued to draw general Attention.—The Theatre she preferred to all other Amusements, and had very delicate Feelings of the different Passions—Her Criticisms upon the Extravagance of Dress, as to Fashions among her own Sex, were extremely entertaining,

taining, and must have been very agreeable to any Woman of Sense ; tho' the generality of Ladies would indubitably stile them, the aukward Sentiments of a tasteless Wretch.

Hazard and she had led a Life of perfect Tranquility for near eighteen Months ; when an Accident happened, which considerably interrupted it, as will appear by the Sequel.

One Evening, when our Hero was Abroad, a Messenger, in Livery, went to his House, taking an empty Chair with him ; and signified, that her Husband (so *Dick* was esteemed) desired the Pleasure of her Company at a Friend's House, where he then was : Which Invitation she immediately complied with ; and putting herself under the Guidance of the Messenger, was by him conducted to a certain House in *Covent-Garden*, where, being met at the Door by a Priestess of *Venus* ; or, in plain *English*, a Bawd, she was ushered into a back Room up Stairs, where she had not been above two or three

three Minutes, when a Man, of very disagreeable Appearance, tho' elegantly dressed, entered. She started at the Sight of a Stranger—But he bade her not be uneasy; adding, that Mr. *Hazard* was just by, and would be with them immediately. He then called for a Bottle of *Burgundy*, and entreated her to take a Glass—Which she absolutely refused, not thro' the *Mahometan* Principle of Abstinence, which she had been taught to neglect, but thro' a Dislike of her Companion—When he found himself disappointed in this first Effort of his Art (for he intended to endeavour at intoxicating her) he had Recourse to the Method of tickling her Vanity. But this he was unhappy enough to execute in so metaphorical and pedantic a Manner, that she, who was but a moderate Proficient in *English*, could not understand a Tenth of what he said; and it is more than probable, he scarce understood himself: However that availed not, on he went for a Quarter of an Hour

Hour together, in the highest Strain of Rapture, and at a vast Expence of Panegyric, to no Purpose ; for *Zulema* remained silently insensible to all he said. Which Contempt, as Impudence always puts the most favourable Construction upon every Thing **relative** to itself, the Gallant considered as a very favourable Symptom, and began to exult in the Force of his Rhetoric, which had so admirably gained a tacit Compliance : Therefore, looking upon himself as secure of his Wishes, he, without farther Ceremony, opening the Door of an inner Room, went towards her, laid Hold of her Hand, and attempted to lead her into the Bed-chamber, for so the other Room appeared to be. Here she upbraided him in the best Manner her small Stock of *English* would allow, insisted on being brought to her Husband ; and declared, she would die, rather than wrong the Man Duty and Inclination taught her to love.

This

This Struggle served but to enflame the Lover ; he seized her in his Arms, and hurried her into the Bed-Room, while she fruitlessly cried aloud for Help. The good People of the House, having been long used unmoved to hear the Tumult of beastial Violence overpowering helpless Innocence,

Smil'd in the Tumult, and enjoy'd the Storm.

When *Zulema* found herself on the Brink of Violence, destitute of all other Means, she drew a small Dagger, which is a Part of the *Turkish* Dress, from her Side, and stabbed him therewith. Justice aimed the Blow so well, and roused Virtue gave it such Force, that he fell to the Ground with a miserable Groan, which, tho' not half so loud as *Zulema's* Cries, alarmed the Mistress of the House ; who immediately, upon entering the Room, squall'd out, and brought the Servants about her—One of whom was immediately dispatched for a Surgeon, to dress my
 * * * *, such the Wretch appeared
 to

to be; and then the infernal Crew gathered round *Zulema*, saluting her with the polite Titles of Cut-throat, W——, bloody-minded B——, and several others, which she knew nothing of — intimating, that she would take her last Dance at *Bilby's* Ball, give the Mob a Holiday, with a long &c. of such Ribaldry. Constables were likewise sent for, to take her before a Justice — The good Lady-Abbess of the Convent, among many tender-hearted Expressions, made one Slip, viz. that she would not have cared where the Murder had been committed, if her House had been clear of it.

By this Time a neighbouring Carbonade of Humanity was arrived; who, upon viewing the Wound, declared it to be mortal: However, all the necessary Applications for Cure were made, and the wounded Person put to Bed.

During this Space *Zulema* had been silent, as if insensible of all that was said or done about her; but when the

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Constable

Constable and his Assistants appeared, she cried out to see her Husband before she died—This sudden Exclamation was occasioned by her mistaking the Officer and his Attendants, for the Mutes of our Country, who, as she imagined, were come to perform the Operation of the Bow-string upon her; but she was soon convinced they were not dumb Executioners, by hearing one of them ask, in a Tone of Voice perfectly well adapted to his horrible Features, what the Matter was? Upon being told, that a Gentleman was just murdered by that *French W——*, pointing to *Zulema*, they seized the injured Victim, and were hurrying her away to Justice *Lawless*; when going under the *Piazzas*, *Hazard* stepping into the Croud, to see what was the Matter, to his unspeakable Astonishment, beheld his Wife in Custody. He rushed to her, and would have disengaged her from the rough Gripe of the Officer, but was severely repulsed; and told, that if he came near her he should be

be secured, as attempting a Rescue—
Not knowing what to do, he travelled
on after her, in such a State of Confu-
sion, that he hardly knew whither
he went. At last they came to the
Justice's, where I think it will not be
amiss to leave them 'till next Chapter.

C H A P. IV.

*An Examination entered upon—The Im-
partiality, Penetration, and Judg-
ment of the Justice set forth—Zule-
ma admitted to Bail—Her Fate—
Its Effect upon our Hero—Goes to
Bath—Forms an Intimacy with two
valuable Characters.*

ALL Matters being adjusted for an
Examination, the Justice, with
a truly magisterial Air, expressive of a
most supercilious Ignorance, asked,
Who that Madam in Masquerade was?
For Zulema's Turkish Garb appeared
so to him—The Constable then pro-
ceeded, with a good deal of prefatory
I 2 Matter,

Matter, to tell, that she was a most abandoned Woman, who had just committed a Murder on the Body of * * * * *—Here the Justice starting, snatched the Tobacco Pipe from his Mouth, and, with a Look of indescribable Severity, cried out, *How ! Mr. Constable, * * * * * murdered !* Then turning to Zulema, he continued—*Well, what can you say in Defence of this barbarous Action, thou blood-thirsty Wretch ?—*Zulema, with Tears and Trembling said, she had stabbed a Man that attempted her Honour ; (here a general Buz upon the Word *Honour* went round) that she knew she must die for it ; and that she was satisfied, as she had seen her Husband once more.

Here (cries the Justice) here's an impious Jade ; she confesses the Fact, and has the Impudence to despise Hanging.

In short, after a good deal of similar Sagacity and Justice, *Hazard*, frightened by conscious Guilt, that his Situation would not bear a Scrutiny, which

which Litigation might occasion, took another Method to soften the Justice, and *Zulema*, at length, was admitted to Bail; and some Time after, by the Recovery of the wounded Person, entirely freed from the Scrape.—

Dick, tho' he thought it prudent to decline a Law-Suit, had still so much Resentment and Resolution about him, as to intend personal Chastisement for the Offender; whose Suffering, from the Wound he had received, did not appear sufficient to satisfy our Hero. However, this Intention was frustrated; for that worthy Sprout of *****, having heard of, or fearing what was intended, the first Opportunity took a Trip to *France*; where, not long after, his Demerits met their just Reward; for, in Spite of the most flagrant Cowardice, he was hemmed into a Duel, and run thro' the Body.

This Affair had so intimidated *Zulema*, that she almost hated going Abroad, lest she might be drawn into such another; she scarce thought her-

self safe under the immediate Protection of *Hazard*, and would by no Means venture any where without him. When this Cloud had blown over, for some Time Tranquility again smooth'd their Hours, and gave a Zest to Life. A second Pregnancy was happily arrived to the eighth Month, when Fate, as if envious of their Felicity, gave them an unspeakable Shock, in the Death of their Son then eighteen Months old. This Stroke made a very deep Impression upon their Quiet; but, alas! another Month proved it only the Prelude of one much more insupportable; for, by the End of that Space, *Zulema* and her new-born Infant both died together.

Upon this Occasion, Grief took such violent Hold of our Hero, that it had nearly pulled him too down the Precipice. For some Time he shut Day-light out, and indulged his Sorrow with the Gloom of Solitude; at length, wearied with Reflection, when the Mind was almost burst with Thinking, he

he resolved to take the desperate Refuge of oblivious Drink ; and, for this Purpose, joining some of his Acquaintance, who were best calculated for the Encouragement of such Frenzy, he lived, for near six Months, in a State of constant Ebriety, and was then seized with a Fever, which brought him to the Verge of the Grave : However, he at length recovered, by slow Degrees, and, during his Confinement, collected so much Reason as to be convinced of the Folly he had been plunged in for some Time past ; besides, the Violence of his Grief having considerably subsided, he resolved, when thoroughly recovered, to settle his Affairs, which he had never done once since his last Arrival in *England*, and see what he was worth, a Point he then knew nothing of. In Consequence of this Resolution, he paid off all his Debts, and then examined his Papers, by which he found himself worth very little more than one thousand Pounds, so much

had Want of Oeconomy, or keeping any Account, reduced his Finances in three Years.

On this Review of his Affairs, he thought it would be necessary to get rid of his House, Chariot, and Servants; and accordingly he divested himself of those superfluous Incumbrances, by going into Lodgings, and retaining no other Attendant but his Valet. Thus once again settled in a single and unincumbered State, he laid himself out for an Improvement of Circumstances, which might afford a comfortable Settlement in Life. He looked round him for a considerable Time, but not finding any Thing offer in *London*, he determined upon a Trip to *Bath*, and accordingly set out the Beginning of the autumnal Season. There being a Rendezvous of Sharpers, as well as the most fashionable Company, he met Numbers of Acquaintances, whom he knew to live by their Wits, and was not a little surprized to see them Hand and Glove with Persons

sons of the first Rank. Before he had been a Week in this Seat of Folly, Sharping and Intrigue, he found, that it was laid down as a general Rule, to throw aside Reserve and admit a general Acquaintance. This gave him great Pleasure, as he had a Spirit which aspired to genteel Company, tho' it had not Delicacy or Integrity enough to decline mean Actions.

By strict Attendance at the Gaming-Rooms, he attained the vast Happiness of a Shake by the Hand from some Persons of Quality; so that he began to imagine himself a Man of very considerable Consequence.

At the Pump-Room and Balls, he was fortunate enough to get acquainted with several of the most celebrated Ladies. Like other Men of Fashion, he gave Breakfasts; and most of the Persons in Town, that is of the polite Part, indulged him so far, as to make a Meal at his Expence.

This new Sence of Life, composed of idle Hurry, entirely obliterated

Zulema from his Recollection ; and that Flow of Spirits which Nature had furnished him with, took free Course thro' a constant State of Dissipation, unless an unlucky Hit at Gaming, which very seldom happened, cast a momentary Gloom over him.

Among many Intimates, those whom our Hero selected for Friends were, Captain *Parade* and *Tom Trickwell* ; the former as a very necessary Adviser in Love-Affairs, and the latter as a compleat Proficient in all the Arts of Money-making. This Triumvirate, when some more material Business did not engage their Attention, used to withdraw into a Tavern, and, for the Edification of each other, relate such of their past Adventures as to them wore the Appearance of Gallantry, or Heroism. Numbers of Transactions were related incompatible with good Sense, true Courage, or real Honesty : However, they were received with Approbation, and each seemed emulous to prove himself a Scoundrel ; but,
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in this Contest, the Captain (who by Commission was but an Ensign) claimed; and, as he justly merited it, won the Superiority. To give a small Idea of his Prowess, we shall relate one Year of his Life, according to his own Account.

C H A P. V.

Captain Parade's Origin traced—The Means of his getting into the Army—An Amour with his Landlady—Cultivates an Intimacy with an old Gentleman—Receives a particular Obligation from him—His grateful Return—Our Hero forms a Connection with Lady Grizzle—A fair Prospect comes to nothing—Sets out for London.

BEFORE we give the proposed Instance of Captain *Parade's* great Desert, it may not be amiss to offer some short Anecdotes concerning his Origin. Know then, that, at the
Time

Time of his Birth, his reputed Father was one of those itinerant Traders, called a Pedlar; who, being very industrious in his Way, and at the same Time very penurious, scraped together a handsome Sum of Money, with which he took a Shop in Town; and being one of those judicious Parents, who think Education superfluous, 'twas with some Difficulty he could be prevailed upon to be at the Expence of having *Timothy* (the Captain's Christian Name) taught to read and write; however, so far paternal Affection got the better of Avarice, and *Timothy* gained some Knowledge in both those Branches of Study.

That the Lad might not have any Pride about him, his Father used to give him the philosophical Exercise of cleaning his Shoes, and sweeping the Shop. In this happy and instructive Situation, *Tim* remained 'till the seventeenth Year of his Age, a smart lively Lad, seemingly much superior to, yet not dissatisfied with, the Sphere
he

he moved in ; which Resignation proceeded from a great Flow of Spirits, without any Feeling to oppress them.

About the Æra we have mentioned, a Lady, who was kept by a Nobleman, having ran considerably in Debt with his Father, was threatened with an Arrest—As her Gallant allowed her very sufficiently to satisfy all Demands, in any Degree reasonable, she dreaded his hearing of this Debt, lest it should remove her from his Favour ; and her Creditor growing intolerably importunate, she proposed to him, that if he would give her a Receipt in full for one hundred Guineas, the Sum Total of her Debt, she would procure his Son a Commission as Ensign—This, upon being informed the Commission would be cheap of three Hundred, the old Fellow agreed to. Accordingly she solicited her noble Friend, in Behalf of a very near Relation, and prevailed on him to obtain *Tim* a Commission ; who, being
presented

presented to the Colonel, was pronounced a good pretty young Fellow.

Thus *Tim* entered the Lists of Fame; and his Father, who died some Months since, not being able any longer to guard his Money, which he had taken so much Pains to collect, left it to the Captain, whom we now find at *Bath*, making a considerable Figure.

Having thus given you a brief Introduction to the Captain's Life, we shall proceed to his own Narrative.

“ Well, Gentlemen” (continues the Captain, for we begin at the Middle of his Story) “ we marched from
 “ S—— to E——; —D——d sorry
 “ was I to leave S——; — Charm-
 “ ing Game there, I don't believe
 “ there is a Town in *England* can
 “ match it for good-natured Girls—
 “ Well, I had my Share of them, but
 “ —No Matter for that, we went to
 “ E——, and there we had a new
 “ Set of Acquaintances to make—
 “ But I am not apt to be strange any
 “ where

“ where—A Soldier’s at Home every
 “ Place he goes to—And so, when
 “ we came here, I made myself as
 “ good Sport as I could.

“ Where I quartered, a good
 “ buxom Widow kept the House; and
 “ I had her before I was ten Days
 “ in Town — D——me she knew
 “ Things better than to stand Shilly
 “ Shally—However, as I loved In-
 “ triguing, I could not be satisfied
 “ with a Conquest gained so easy; be-
 “ sides, as we say in the Army, the
 “ more Danger the more Glory: So
 “ I was resolved to lay out for a more
 “ creditable Adventure, one that had
 “ more Glee. Well, I had not been
 “ long upon the Look-out, before I
 “ met a very fine Woman, the Wife
 “ of a Son of a B—h of a Citizen,
 “ a poor mechanical Dog; who, by
 “ the bye, looked damnably like a
 “ Cuckold—I took the proper Steps
 “ to get acquainted with his Wife,
 “ but all to no Purpose; the precise
 “ Brimstone was so confoundedly
 “ starched

“ starched with Modesty, that there
“ was no making her pliable : So Faith
“ I even resolved, since I could not
“ make Sport one Way, I would ano-
“ ther ; and for that Purpose I con-
“ trived Means of making the Fool
“ of a Husband jealous. This, as
“ Madam could not not bear the least
“ Charge against her Modesty, occa-
“ sioned such high Disputes, that they
“ separated ; and a very short Time
“ afterwards, to complete the Jest,
“ the silly Rascal hanged himself —
“ However, I never gained my End
“ of his puritannical Wife ; so that I
“ was forced to wheel about, and
“ make an Attack where the Fortifi-
“ cations were not so strong.

“ Just by where I quartered, there
“ lived a queer old Curmudgeon, a
“ d—ned honest Cock as could be ;
“ who, being very fond of the Army,
“ used to invite me often to dine and
“ sup with him — Being a Politician,
“ he used to talk a hellish deal ; how-
“ ever, as my Pay always ran short
“ towards

“ towards the End of the Month, I
 “ thought his Invitations pretty con-
 “ venient; besides, his Daughter was
 “ a good agreeable Girl, and she al-
 “ ways sat with us — One Day, as I
 “ was going to his House, a Gun-
 “ powder-looking Dog slapped me on
 “ the Shoulder; and told me, he had
 “ an Action against me for thirty
 “ Pounds—Zounds, thought I, what
 “ the Devil’s to be done now—How-
 “ ever, I put on a bluff Look, and
 “ bade him come and receive the Mo-
 “ ney; which he agreed to—I went
 “ to my old Friend, who expressed
 “ great Concern at being told my Mis-
 “ fortune, and very readily paid the
 “ Sum, taking my Note, payable in
 “ three Months—D—me, thought I,
 “ the old Fellow deserves some Return
 “ for this Favour: And what do you
 “ imagine I determined to do for him?
 “ why make him a Grandfather as
 “ fast as I could—Ha! ha! ha!—For
 “ this Purpose I took every Opportu-
 “ nity of getting into his Daughter’s
 “ Favour.

“ Favour. Having a great deal of
“ Dad’s Good-nature, upon Promise
“ of Marriage she came down ; and,
“ according to my Wishes, the Fruits
“ of our Connection plainly appeared ;
“ however, not so much as to be per-
“ ceived by the Father for some Time.
“ But as I knew it must come to Light
“ soon, and that I should be torment-
“ ed by the old Fellow and Madam,
“ I was much rejoiced at an Order,
“ which came for us to embark for
“ *Gibraltar* immediately ; and to keep
“ Matters quiet, told the Girl I would
“ take her with me. In the mean
“ Time the Widow, with whom I
“ was quartered, wanted to go with
“ me likewise : Her I gave good
“ Words too, and advised her to dis-
“ pose of her Furniture, &c. which
“ having done, she placed the Money
“ in my Hands, with which I went
“ off, unknown to her, or my other
“ Lady ; leaving them to make use
“ of the Trades I had instructed them
“ in, and my old Politician to dandle
“ a Grand-

“ a Grandchild, and light his Pipe with
 “ my Note for the thirty Pounds.”

The preceding Specimen will sufficiently satisfy the Reader's Curiosity, we imagine, as to the Captain's Morals and Abilities : As to Mr. *Trickwell*, his Life consisting meerly of slipping Cards and cogging Dice, we shall take no farther Notice of him, than to observe, he had as artful an Head, and as dishonest a Heart, as any Sharper in the Kingdom.

Our Hero, who was much the honestest and most sensible Man of the three, only entered into a Connection with them, as he imagined their Familiarity with the Customs of the Place, and their general Acquaintance might prove useful to him ; for we must do *Hazard* the Justice to say, that, however his Vices precipitated him into bad Actions, yet he had still a Compunction, a faithful Monitor within, that awakened Repentance.

Dick had been at *Bath* six Weeks, when a very strict Intimacy grew up
 between

between him and Lady Grizzle, a Woman of Quality; who having several years acted the first Coquet in all public Places, given Life to Fashions, and Death to Lovers, sunk into the Vale of Years without one Friend, and lost her Beauty, but not her Pride; who pleased herself to the last with the Opinion of being the Object of general Approbation, when she was never remarked at all, but as the Subject of universal Ridicule.

Our Hero's Figure had caught this Lady's Eye, and she was resolved to have him in her Train at any Rate: For this Purpose she gave him the plainest Hints, that his Addresses would be agreeable; and as he had been informed she possessed a very large Fortune, he accepted her Challenge, and professed himself her Admirer—As she was grown to those Years, which either correct the Vices of Youth, or render them more audacious; which latter happened to be her Case, she gave her Paramour to understand, that

that somewhat more than distant Love was necessary. This he took to be a favourable Opportunity for promoting his Interest with her, and therefore very readily submitted his Abilities to her well known Experience ; upon which Occasion he acquitted himself so much to her Satisfaction, that she convinced him of her Approbation by several handsome Presents.

This Connection wore all the Appearance of a most lucky Hit—Tho' the Woman was threescore, and much withered for that Age, yet she had the emblooming, beauty-giving Sum of fifty thousand Pounds, which *Dick* had now within his Grasp ; for she had resolved, and fixed upon a Day, to marry him ; while he, in the intermediate Space, anticipated with most industrious Application the nuptial Joys —But, alas ! how fleeting is Hope ? —How instable human Grandeur ?—While she was putting on her Wedding Suit, Death, in the Shape of an apoplectic Fit, tripped up her Ladyship's

ship's Heels, and with her bury'd the mountainous Expectations of *Hazard*.

This was a very mortifying Stroke ; nevertheless our Hero comforted himself with the Reflection, that what a Man never had could not be missed ; therefore he sat himself down contented, ready for the next Lure Fortune might throw in his Way : However, nothing material presenting itself at *Bath*, just before *Christmas* he set out, accompanied by the Captain and Mr. *Trickwell*, for *London*, five hundred Pounds richer than he had left it.

C H A P. VI.

A very unexpected and unfavourable Accident—An Instance of Friendship—Hazard enters a new Course of Life. Meets indifferent Success—Gets Intelligence of his Friend Shark—Meets a Brother Author—Receives an Account of his various Proceedings in the Literary World.

O U R Hero had been about a Fortnight in Town, when he was one Night alarmed with the Cry of Fire ; and upon getting up, found it necessary for him to escape with all possible Expedition, as the Flames were entering his Chamber : Accordingly, without having Time to put on any Thing but his Breeches, he was obliged, Hap-hazard, to leap out of the Dining-room Window ; which he happened to do, without receiving any material Prejudice. In the Hurry of extreme Danger he had not Time to

to think of any Thing but meer Safety; but when his Person was beyond the Reach of the Fire, he soon recollected, that a very material Part of him, his whole Fortune, remained; which being but Paper, must inevitably perish. This horrid Consideration prompted him to re-enter the House at all Events, in Search of his Bills; but a Moment convinced him, that such an Attempt must be fruitless, for the Floor he lodged in came down with a terrible Crash, and speedily after it the upper Story. No longer able to bear the dreadful Sight, he went to a neighbouring Bagnio, and threw himself upon a Bed; not to rest, but groan the Time away, 'till he could have an Opportunity of getting some Cloaths to put on. When the Morning came, he called a Waiter, and borrowed some Things of him, 'till he could settle Matters otherwise. He then wrote two Letters, one for the Captain, and another for *Trickwell*, requesting their Company immediately

mediately at the Bagnio; which Invitations he dispatched, and his Summons was directly obeyed by both—As he knew that Poverty was a very bad Recommendation to the Generality of Mankind, but more especially to Persons of their Characters, he resolved not to mention his Misfortune, but touch each of them for the Loan of ten or twenty Pieces on some other Pretence—He proposed the Matter to them in what Manner he thought best, and they agreed to furnish him; but not having any Sum about them, they were obliged to return to their several Lodgings, promising him to return immediately—This put off the Prospect of Necessity for some Time, and our Hero, to fill up the Space of their Absence, sent to *Monmouth-street* for such Cloaths, as might serve 'till better could be had. Stockings were likewise sent for, and Shoes: All the Materials came, and he agreed for such as he wanted; but behold, his Friends forgot to return—He waited

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in tedious and painful Expectation above an Hour beyond the Time they might have taken, but to no Purpose—He knew not what to do—He was almost distracted: However, on searching his Breeches-pockets, to his great Surprize, he found his Purse with ten Pounds in it. This gave him a small Respite from Pain, and he paid to the Amount of six Guineas for Things he had bought, then wandered forth in Search of his Friends; who having heard of his Misfortune, were generously resolved to drop the Connection. This he very shortly found, and was forced to draw all Hopes of Subsistence from himself; a Matter which his most sanguine Expectation could hardly represent as possible, there not being, as he thought, any Method to be taken for future Provision, with so small a Sum as three Pounds, now his whole Stock.

Driven to this Crisis, Necessity, justly stiled the Mother of Invention, suggested him what somewhere or other
he

he had heard, viz. that a Man by Writing might make a comfortable Livelihood; that is, by commencing Author. This Course then, tho' entirely unacquainted with it, he fixed upon, therefore took a small Lodging-room in the City, and immediately applied to a Bookseller for Business; who, being risen to the very important Station of a Common Council-man, imagined he might assume an Air of great Consequence, especially to so subordinate a Being as an Author; therefore treating our Hero with much Indifference, and supercilious Looks, he told him, that really Publication was grown a very indifferent Branch of Business; however, that if he had any Piece finished, and would subject it to his Perusal, he should have his Opinion of it—Our Hero replied, that, as he was very much unacquainted with the reigning Taste, he would be glad of a Subject for Writing—*Oh, (replies Title-Page) there are a great many Subjects, you can't miss of one;*

I have not Time to think about it now, or else may be I might give you one.

—From this Interview our Hero parted with very little Satisfaction ; however, resolved to try what was to be done, he translated from the *Italian* of one Volume. This he carried to the Book-seller, and after waiting longer for an Opinion, than he had been translating it, received for an Answer, that Translations were worth little or nothing, and advised him to do somewhat of an original Work ; however, to be brief, the conscientious *Title-Page* vouchsafed, when *Dick* was almost starving, to let him have about a Third of what his Work was really worth —Several other Pieces were sacrificed to Necessity in the same Manner, and *Hazard*, with his utmost Industry, found he could but keep Body and Soul together. Wearied with this State of absolute Drudgery, he was thinking to lay down the Pen, and take up some less laborious Employment—He was revolving this Matter

in the Corner of a Hedge Coffee-house, when his Thoughts were diverted from the Subject on a sudden, by seeing the Name of *Shark* in a printed Book, which lay before him, that, upon nearer Inspection, he found to be the *Sessions Paper*; and perusing it, he discovered the Trial of his good Friend *Shark* for Forgery. He then called for the Ordinary of *Newgate's* Account of the Malefactors, and there met an epitomized History of *Shark*, who had related the several Transactions our Hero and he were concerned in; but had so much Compassion upon *Hazard*, as not to particularize him by Name.

This Discovery of his Acquaintance's ignominious Fate, gave our Hero much Concern; for tho' he had received very great Injury from the Treachery of *Shark*, yet he wished him a better Catastrophe. He had just recovered from the Revery, this unexpected Piece of Information cast him into, when a Person of very striking Ap-

pearance, assuming the Liberty of a Coffee-house, entered into Conversation with him—They had not exchanged many Words, before, pointing to an Advertisement, he asked our Hero if he had seen that Work; to which he was answered in the Negative: *Then, continues he, you have had a very great Loss, Sir, for it is one of the most ingenious Pieces that has appeared for many Years. 'Tis true, the Principles it is wrote upon, were every one stolen from a Production of mine; however, I give the Author great Praise for handling them so well.*

Then, Sir (says Hazard) you have appeared in the Literary World as a Writer. Ay, Sir (replies the Stranger) I have wrote, in my Time, above thirty large Volumes, the greater Part of them Poetical Compositions. No doubt you have heard of my Name—Sylvanus Metaphor—I have been the making of a dozen Booksellers — Have earned the Character of Genius for half a dozen L—ds—Set up as many Critics, wrote Sermons
for

for D——s, Speeches for S——rs, and yet you see, Sir, what a Situation I am in.

Our Hero supposing, by *Metaphor's* Discourse, that he might receive some necessary Information concerning the Business of an Author from so old a Practitioner, proposed going to a neighbouring Alehouse for an Hour. Here *Sylvanus* replied, That he would be very glad of attending our Hero, but that a Deficiency of Cash objected to the Proposal—*Hazard*, who was a few Shillings strong, offered to treat his Brother Scribe; which being accepted, they withdrew to solace over some right Entire.

Being seated, *Metaphor* observed, that he durst not drink, 'till he had prepared the Way with somewhat eatable; as the Liquor, preying upon an empty Stomach, would infallibly make him sick. Here some Bread and Cheese were called for, which *Metaphor* perused with great Avidity; observing occasionally, that Poverty's

greatest Inconveniencies, did not equal the ill Consequences of luxurious Enjoyments, amidst Profusion of Delicacies—His philosophic Repast being concluded, our Hero intimated a Curiosity to know his Proceedings in the Literary World; and was gratified as follows.

“ You must know, Sir, says *Meta-*
“ *phor*, my Father was a Clergyman
“ of acknowledged Piety, great Learn-
“ ing, and fertile Genius; however,
“ as these Requisites are not always
“ sufficient to raise a Man in the
“ Church, no more than Conduct and
“ Courage to promote in the Army,
“ he had the Satisfaction to crawl
“ thro’ Life for forty Years, with a
“ Living in *Lincolnsire* of thirty
“ Pounds *per Annum*. For a conside-
“ rable Part of the Time he had a
“ Wife and two Children to maintain,
“ a Son and Daughter; at last Fate,
“ more considerate than those who
“ should search out, and relieve dis-
“ tressed Merit, provided for half his
“ Family,

“ Family, by taking away my Mother
 “ and Sister. He sent me to *Cambridge*,
 “ where he had been educated, and
 “ after being the Time requisite to
 “ qualify me for Orders, my Father
 “ proposed to me an ecclesiastical
 “ Life; but having so very uncom-
 “ fortable a Specimen in his Situation,
 “ I declined the Proposition, and he
 “ was so sensibly indulgent, as not
 “ to endeavour at forcing my Inclina-
 “ tion; but turned his Thoughts to-
 “ wards getting me settled in some
 “ good Family as a Tutor, which he
 “ judged might establish me a Sort of
 “ Interest. For this Purpose he fitted
 “ me out in the best Manner his nar-
 “ row Circumstances would admit;
 “ and writing a Letter of Recommen-
 “ dation to a Nobleman, who had
 “ been his Contemporary and par-
 “ ticular Friend at College, request-
 “ ing his favourable Influence towards
 “ placing me in the proposed Situa-
 “ tion, he sent me to *London*, where
 “ I waited upon the Person that was

“ to be my Patron; and having, with
“ much Difficulty, prevailed upon a
“ Domestic to undertake the Delivery
“ of my Father’s Letter, I received
“ for Answer, that his Lordship, be-
“ ing then a little busy, could not see
“ me; but if I would call in a Day
“ or two, I might have an Audience.
“ This I did, to no Purpose; for at
“ my second Visit he was not well;
“ a Third proved likewise fruitless,
“ for he was engaged in Company;
“ the Fourth was deprived of Success,
“ by his being in the Country, and so
“ on; however, after going thro’ an
“ intolerable deal of Fatigue, and
“ sustaining the very irksome Arro-
“ gance of Servants, I at last obtained
“ the prodigious Favour of Admission
“ to his Presence.

“ The Nobleman having forgot, or
“ pretending so, my Father’s Letter,
“ with all the disagreeable Importance
“ of affected Dignity, asked me, What
“ was my Commands? Upon this,
“ referring him to the Letter, he
“ paused

“ paused awhile, as if for Recollection—Then observed, that he remembered something about such a Letter, and had some distant Idea of the Person; then making me repeat my Name several Times, appeared to grow tolerably intimate with it at last. When we came to the Point of serving me, he declared himself ready to promote any Man of Merit, such as he supposed me to be; but observed, that he had been so often applied to, and had served so many, that his Interest was almost exhausted: *However,* continued he, *leave your Name and Qualifications with my Secretary, and if any Thing falls in the Way you shall hear from me.*

“ With this very slight Encouragement I took my Leave, and immediately wrote to my Father a Detail of my Proceedings and Success; observing, that the Appearance of Things was not near so favourable as I expected, or as he

“ wished.

“ wished. His Answer to me con-
“ tained much good Advice, his only
“ Wealth; recommending Patience, and
“ a Dependance on that providential
“ Influence, which provides for the
“ meanest of Creatures.

“ I continued in Town near four
“ Months, without having any Pros-
“ pect of improving my Situation;
“ when a Letter from the Clerk of the
“ Parish informed me, that my Fa-
“ ther was dead, and desired me to
“ come and take Possession of the few
“ Effects he had left behind him. I
“ accordingly went down to *Lincoln-*
“ *shire*, and sold Things to the Amount
“ of about forty Pounds, which were
“ the whole of my Inheritance, except a
“ Horse my Father used to ride. With
“ this Stock I returned to *London*, and
“ made reiterated Applications to my
“ L——, without any Success, for
“ the Space of six Months more;
“ which idle Time had brought my
“ Purse to so low an Ebb, that I had
“ not above two Guineas remaining.

“ At

“ At length I commenced Author,
 “ and have subsisted ever since on
 “ the Productions of my Pen.”

C H A P. VII.

Metaphor continues his Story—Reads a Specimen of an Epic Poem—An abrupt Departure—Our Hero proceeds upon a Piece of Information received from Metaphor with considerable Success—Changes his Way of Life—Travels in a Stage Coach—A merry Captain introduced; Specimens of military Oeconomy and military Wit—The Captain's Taste and Judgment in Cookery evinced.

“ **I** Will not trouble you, Sir, with
 “ a prolix Detail of my Perform-
 “ ances, as an Author; but, I assure
 “ you, I have raised several Persons
 “ in Life, without ever being able to
 “ raise myself; and now, after thirty
 “ Years absolute Drudgery, I am just
 “ where I set out, only possessed of
 “ much more profitless Knowledge—
 “ **I**

“ I have wrote in-all Ways, and upon
“ all Subjects, but Poetry is my Dar-
“ ling — I should have enriched the
“ Stage with many valuable Pieces,
“ but that I found strong Interest as
“ necessary there, as upon any other
“ Occasion ; which not having, I
“ dropped all Thoughts of Dramatic
“ Writing — However, I am on a
“ Work at present, which must infal-
“ libly make my Fortune, and esta-
“ blish my Fame, if I live to finish
“ it” — *Pray, Sir (says our Hero) if*
it is not an impertinent Question, of
what Nature may the Work be ? “ An
“ Epic Poem, Sir,” replies *Metaphor,*
“ upon the Plan that *Dryden* suggest-
“ ed in his Dedication, of *Juvenal*
“ *translated*, to Lord *Dorset* — But I
“ have much enlarged his Design,
“ and devised a Number of such *Epi-*
“ *sodes*, as must greatly relieve the
“ Attention, and strike the Passions —
“ I have finished about *half* of it, near
“ *one hundred thousand Lines* ; and I
“ expect to compleat the whole in less
“ than

“ than *six Months*”—*Very great Expedition indeed, Sir,* (replies our Hero) *but pray, Sir, how do you manage for immediate Subsistence, as you say your sole Dependance is on your Pen—*“ Why, returns *Metaphor,* “ my Situation in
 “ that Respect is very uncomfortable ;
 “ for I am forced to prostitute my Ta-
 “ lents in such a Manner for Main-
 “ tainance, as is very irksome to me”.
How is that, Sir? (says our Hero)
 “ Why for that very necessary Pur-
 “ pose I occasionally dip into the dis-
 “ agreeable, tho’ tolerably profitable
 “ Compositions of *Bloody Murders,*
 “ *Apparations,* and *Ballads*—To which
 “ Sphere of Writing I have so hap-
 “ pily bent myself, that my Pieces in
 “ that Way meet very great Success,
 “ and when I want half a Crown I
 “ fly to this Resource — I should not
 “ have been obliged to intrude upon
 “ your Good-nature, for the Bread,
 “ Cheese, and Beer I have had, only
 “ my Printer happened to be out of
 “ the Way To-night. — But, Sir, we
 “ were

“ were speaking of my *Epic Poem*.
“ Without Vanity I think it is the no-
“ blest Foundation that ever was laid,
“ and I hope the Superstructure of
“ Sentiments and Versification will be
“ suitable.”

Here our Hero again took Notice of the short Space of Time he allowed himself to finish so great a Work— But *Sylvanus* silenced him upon that Point, by asserting, that he could write *six hundred Lines* a Day with great Ease, besides one of the occasional Pieces he had mentioned—“ Nay (continues he) “ To-day I have wrote
“ near eight Hundred, and never
“ wrote better in my Life — I have
“ some of them in my Pocket; if you
“ please, Sir, I will read a few by
“ way of Specimen”—*Hazard* received the Proposition as a Favour, and *Metaphor* proceeded thus.

“ The Passage I shall read you, Sir,
“ is descriptive of a Hero hastening
“ to a Fight, fired with Ambition and
“ Impatience to get into the Field,
“ while

“ while Danger renders Glory beau-
 “ tiful.

“ While he sat musing, a tumultuous Noise

“ Of martial Conflict struck his ready Ear :

“ Rous'd by the Sound from Apathy of

“ Thought,

“ His bustling Soul gave Spirit to his

“ Limbs ;

“ With active Bound he gain'd his Sad-

“ dle's Seat,

“ Quick seized with nervous Arm his war-

“ like Spear,

“ And gave his willing Steed the slacken'd

“ Rein.

“ With Course less swift before a thun-

“ d'ring Gale,

“ A well trimm'd Ship with all her Canvass

“ spread,

“ Bounds o'er the Billows of the foaming

“ Sea :

“ Less swift a hunted Deer o'er-tops the

“ Hills ;

“ Less swift a Hawk pursues its trem-

“ bling Prey ;

“ Less swift an Arrow cuts the yielding

“ Air ;

“ Nor does the Produce of conflicting

“ Clouds,

“ Swift

“ Swift Lightning, dart thro’ Air with
“ nimbler Course,
“ Than fierce *Alcander* fought the distant
“ Fight.”

Metaphor having read the preceding Lines with rapturous Emphasis, he paused for our Hero’s Opinion; who told him, that the Versification was very harmonious, but begged Leave to except against the Lines relative to the Ship; *Because* (continues he) *a Ship, in her swiftest Course, does not make any Thing like the Speed of a Horse, urged on a sudden Push.* To this *Metaphor* replied, that there was some Discernment in the Criticism: But, Sir (adds he) *tho’ a Ship, in the Circumstances I have mentioned, does not equal in Reality that to which I have opposed it by way of Enhancement, yet in Perspective it gives the Idea of very great Swiftness—* Well (says Dick) you may be right in that; however, I must be so free as to tell you, you have crowded too many Images together, which must weary the Imagination to trace them; and your last *Al-*
lusion

lusion is entirely Hyperbolic — Metaphor, having heard him out very patiently, put his Manuscript in his Pocket; and seizing his Hat, marched off without taking any more Notice of our Hero, than repeating, with an Air of vast Contempt, the Words *Crowded Images ! — Hyperbolic ! —* And thus concluded Hazard's Interview with a Brother Scribe.

Our Hero now retired to Bed, and recollecting what *Metaphor* said concerning the Small-ware Trade, he resolved to try his Hand at it, accordingly went the next Day to a Publisher of such Pieces; by whom, upon giving two or three successful Specimens, he was employed to much greater Advantage, than he had received from useful and well-executed Compositions. His Invention was so happy, and he accommodated his Stile so well to the Intellects of the lower Class, that he was chief Ballad-master, and principal Murder-writer in the whole Town. Strolling along one Day, he chanced to

to pass where Mr. *Shamwell* was preaching; and observing what vast Influence the good Man seemed to have over a very large Congregation, it came into his Head, that this must be a good Method of levying Taxes on the Folly of the People; and after a good deal of Consideration, his Opinion being confirmed, as to the Profits, he resolved to make an Excursion in a similar Character to some Part of the Country. To enable him to put this Resolution in Practice, he sat down for a Fortnight or three Weeks; and having penned five hundred excellent Murders, one hundred Apparitions, and about four hundred Songs, he sold the whole to his Publisher for twenty Pounds.

Being furnished with a black Coat, a full Grizzle Wig, and a Bible, he set out for *Stamford*, in the *York* Coach; that being a Part of the Country where he imagined he should not be known. Upon entering the Coach, he found it was full, but could hardly tell of what,

what, as it was quite dark ; however, the Articulation of Sounds convinced his Ears, that he was among Fellow Creatures. When Day-light came, he perceived, opposite to him, a Figure truly tremendous, no less than a *Militarian*, who wore all the Terrors of his Profession in his Countenance ; a Countenance which it is impossible we should describe. The Dress and Language of this Hero were perfectly adapted to his personal Requisites. When they came to *Biggleswade*, the first Night's Stage, the Captain (a Title he took Care to give himself, that he might claim the greater Respect from his Companions) insisted upon his being the best Forager. Being, as he observed the best Forager, he claimed the Privilege of bespeaking Supper ; which Point being settled, he returned to his Company, and without Ceremony sat down to a Pint of Beer he had called for, and clapped into his Mouth that pleasing Implement of Idleness, a Tobacco Pipe : But before
he

he had taken half a Dozen Whiffs he laid it down with great Care, and pulling a red Cap faced with Rabbit-skin out of his Pocket, within its Circumference he placed his Sugar-loaf Pate ; and then proceeded to lay by his Caxen (for Wig it could not be justly called) but stopping short, and applying to the Men in Company, he cried out, *D—me, Gentlemen, have you a Mind to see a Piece of military Management ?* Being answered in the Affirmative, he turned the Caul of his Wig-out, and there shewed them two Hooks, by Means of which, as he observed, it could occasionally be made a *Bob, Major, or Ramillie*. Having received the Applause due to such an admirable Piece of Oeconomy, he proceeded to lay by this metamorphoseable Covering of his Head, and returned to his Chair.

At length Supper arrived ; but think what was the Surprize of our Travelers when they saw a Dish of Hung Beef and Greens, with a Plate of *red Herrings*, set upon the Table—*Granade*

nade (the Captain's Name) immediately set to without Ceremony; but had not put two Bits in his Mouth before he laid down his Knife and Fork, and, turning about with a most terrifying Frown, addressed himself to the Waiter, as follows—*H—ll seize your Son of a B—h of a Cook, D—m my Blood if he has not boiled the Greens in a separate Pot—Call in the infernal Scoundrel.* Here Salamander was ordered to approach; to whom the Captain cried—*Harkye, you Imp of H—ll, How comes it you did not boil the Greens with the Beef? — Why, Sir, (replies the intimidated Cook) I thought the Fat of the Meat would give a disagreeable Taste—You thought, you Ragamuffin Son of a W—re, Who gave you Leave to think? The Fat of the Meat give the Greens an ill Taste! You lie, you Villain, it gives them a fine Flavour—But I smoke your Knavery; you did it, Sirrah, to make us pay for this Butter—Not I, indeed, Sir, says the Cook. You lie, and be D—d to you (cries Granade)*

nade) slapping the melted Butter full in *Salamander's* Face; who grumbled, but was by the Waiter's Discretion put out of the Room.

This most extraordinary Behaviour astonished the Travellers so, that they remained motionless—Which *Granade* observing, imputed it to the very same Circumstance that gave Rise to his Fury; so told them, *Comrades, I am sorry you are baulked here of your Suppers, by the blundering of this rascally Cook; d—n my Blood, I believe he is an Irishman.*

Our Hero being in Masquerade, took no Notice of this ignorant Sarcasm, but in Character admonished the Captain occasionally to refrain from Swearing; in which pious Proceeding he was assisted by an old Lady, who observed it was very unbecoming—But *Granade*, above all Reproof, kept on his old Course, in Despight of Morality or good Manners.

The Travellers, having ordered what they liked, went in Turn to Supper;
the

the Materials of which not being agreeable to the Captain, they were entertained, while they were eating, with his Remarks, that they would have the Devil and all to pay in the Morning: However, they indulged themselves with what they liked; and after drinking a Couple of Bottles of Wine, which Article *Granade* absolutely declared against, they went to Bed, leaving him to grumble over his second Pint of Beer; after finishing which, he retired also.

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C H A P.

C H A P. VIII.

A sagacious and important Discovery made by the Captain—They arrive at Stamford—Our Hero much admired by an old Lady who travelled in the Coach—Hazard exhibits in his new Function—Is universally admired—Goes to Lincoln, Gainsborough, and Hull—Intends an Intrigue—Is favourably received—The Consequence—Embarks, meets a Storm—Goes to Newmarket, is successful—Commences Beau.

OUR Travellers, being met in the Morning, called for their Bill; and *Hazard*, by Way of satisfying the rest of the Company, read it over, Article by Article, Total and all. He having done, *Granade* calls out to the Waiter; *What, you Villain! were wen ot sufficiently imposed upon about the Greens last Night, but we must be cheated over again this Morning?* Upon enquiring into his Objection, he bade the Waiter

er read over his damned Bill—This being complied with, and no Error found, the Captain was desired to point out what he found Fault with. This, indeed, he declined, for a very good Reason ; which was, that he could not read : However, carrying it off with peculiar Assurance, he replied, *Did not I hear that Gentleman read it ? you say, you see nothing overcharged in it—No, really Sir,* replies the Waiter, *I do not—Why, you infernal Villain ! dare you tell me so ? look at it again, and tell me what that Total is, you Dog : Can you have the Assurance to charge us with any Total, Sirrah ?*

This sagacious Discovery made all present laugh very heartily, yet it was a considerable Time before *Granade* could be convinced of his Error ; and when he was, he stood the Conviction with matchless Effrontery. The Bill being settled and divided, it came to two Shillings a-piece ; which immoderate Extravagance *Granade* declared he had foretold ; then flinging

down a Shilling, *There* (continues he) *my Shot should be but nine Pence by Right ; but however, D—me, I love to be generous, so there's three Pence more* —The old Lady, who had hitherto only reproved his Swearing, now took upon her to condemn his Behaviour ; and declared, she would not pay a Farthing, if he did not deposite his full Share : However, this he absolutely refused, and thereupon a Scene of sharp Altercation ensued between him and the old Lady ; which was put an End to, by the Coachman's insisting upon setting off, and the other Passengers promising to pay the Remainder of *Granade's* Share, which he very readily submitted to.

Once more, upon the Road, they were pestered with the Captain's Oaths and Stories. Having a Call out of the Coach, he ordered it to make a Halt ; and coming into it again, had the Misfortune to tumble down into the dirtiest Spot within many Miles ; in Consequence of which, he was forced
to

to borrow a great Coat to fit in, his own Cloaths being so wet and dirty, he could not go into the Coach with them on. This afforded him a fresh Theme for Swearing and Discourse ; for our Hero saying, he hoped the Captain was not hurt—*No, no, (replies Granade) not hurt for the Matter of that, but my Coat's spoiled I believe ; and that vexes me damnably, for it cost me, that is, the Agent had an Order to Stop it out of my Pay—It cost me, Making and all, thirty Shillings, and I have not wore it above six Months constant—Hold, I tell a Lie, I had a Pair of Breeches in for the Money, but them I wore out long ago ; these here that I have on were a Skin that Killbuck, Lord Sportsman's Park Keeper, gave me about fifteen Years ago—Thus did Granade go on most Part of the Day, driving thro' a mottled Rhapsody of Profaneness and Nonsense. At Night the old Lady, who was going no farther than Stamford, and our Hero, parted from their Fellow Travellers, heartily*

L 3

pleased.

pleased to get rid of so troublesome a Companion as the Captain.

Hazard, by the Reserve and Gravity of Countenance which he preserved all along the Road, had ingratiated himself considerably with the old Lady; in so much, that she invited him to come to her House the next Day: Which he did, and having unfolded himself to her, she highly approved of the Way of Life he had chosen, and offered him all the Assistance in his pious Work that he could desire—Having secured one Friend, and, as it appeared from her Influence in the Town, a very good one; he gave out, that he should preach upon such a particular Day. This drew together a very large Audience, and delivering himself with great Vehemence, the Widow *Formal*, his Fellow-traveller, admired him so much, that she became a thorough Profelyte. He preached a second Time, when most of the neighbouring Villages poured in their Fools to hear; and it having been po-
litically

litically propagated that he was very poor, from the vast Extent of his Charity, some of his most sanguine Admirers made a Collection, which very amply rewarded his Trouble; besides this pecuniary Advantage, he found the additional one of being invited every Day to Breakfast, Dinner and Supper, for which he only paid Advice and Instruction. Having pilfered and imposed upon *Stamford* for near a Month, he departed for *Lincoln*, to which Place he had many Letters of Recommendation, from Profelytes at *Stamford*, and there met with unexpected Success in his holy Function: From thence he proceeded to *Gainsborough*, where he likewise gained many Profelytes; and so to *Kingston*, commonly called *Hull*. Here his Harvest was much greater than he had reaped in any other Place, by so much as it is richer than those we have traced him thro'.

Tho' Prudence was extremely necessary in the Character he assumed,

yet he could not avoid being struck with the Beauty of one Mrs. *Import*, a Merchant's Lady; for no sooner he saw, but he loved her — Some Time he languished in a State of Despair, as not seeing any probable Means of revealing his Passion: However, he at length got acquainted in a Family where she visited. This kindled Hope, and meeting her pretty often, by the Language of the Eyes, which she was not unacquainted with, he informed her, that he was not so insensible of her Perfections, as the necessary Reserve of his Character made him appear to be. Perceiving that she received his distant Hints favourably, he contrived to get the following Letter conveyed to her Hands.

“ MADAM,

“ **A**T the Hazard of my spiritual
“ and temporal Welfare, I sub-
“ mit to the Power of your bewitch-
“ ing Charms; and sure Heaven can-
“ not be angry at my loving a ter-
“ restrial

“ restrial Being so like itself in Beauty.
 “ Like the Ixion of the Heathens I
 “ wish to embrace Divinity; and could,
 “ to gain a real Possession of that Hea-
 “ ven I wish for, subscribe to his Pu-
 “ nishment: However I hope a milder
 “ Fate, and indulge myself with the
 “ Hope that I shall have your Leave
 “ for personal Attendance, that I may
 “ be made supremely happy; or if
 “ my Presumption appears unpardon-
 “ able, that I may receive my Sen-
 “ tence from those Lips, which Mo-
 “ narchs might contend for at the
 “ Hazard of their Kingdoms, as I
 “ would were I Master of the World
 “ beside; tho’, like the Case of *Marc-*
 “ *Antony*, the Loss of that World was
 “ to ensue. Believe me to be, with
 “ all possible Respect,

“ *Most unfeignedly yours,*

“ T. PREACHWELL.

To this Epistle he received the fol-
 lowing Answer.

L 5

“ S I R,

“ S I R,

“ **I** Am much obliged to you for
 “ your very complimentary Let-
 “ ter ; and as, from Appearance and
 “ Character, I cannot think you would
 “ propose any Thing in itself culpa-
 “ ble, however it may seem, I shall
 “ very gladly admit a private Visit :
 “ But as my Husband is of a jealous
 “ Disposition, I would have you use
 “ great Precaution — To-morrow E-
 “ vening he will be Abroad, upon very
 “ particular Business ; at which Time,
 “ if you come disguis’d in Women’s
 “ Cloaths, will be least liable to Dis-
 “ covery. I will endeavour to con-
 “ vince you, how much you are in
 “ the Esteem of, Sir,

“ *Your very humble Servant,*

“ ESTHER IMPORT.”

This glad Summons our Hero no
 sooner received, than he made the ne-
 cessary

cessary Preparations for obeying it; and the happy Time being arrived, he went to the Mansion of his Love, whom he saw looking out of her Parlour-window. On his making a Sort of Signal, she came to the Door herself; and letting him in, strait conducted him up Stairs into the Dining-room, where, as Time was precious, they had not been long before he observed, that the next Room must probably be more conveniently furnished, therefore begged her Leave to go in there; which she, with some Reluctance, agreeing to, went and opened the Door—When, behold! her Husband and three more rushed upon our Hero, who now secretly cursed his Mistress, and wished himself a hundred Miles off.

It was debated for some Time, whether he should not be given up to the Law as an Impostor; however, he begging very hard, they agreed upon a milder Chastisement, which was to have him privately Keel-hauled, from

a Ship lying at the Merchant's Back-door ; after which Cooling, they let our Hero go, upon the solemnest Promises, that he would leave the Town the first Opportunity, and not presume to exercise the Function of a Preacher again.

Having thus dislodged himself from a very profitable Residence, he took his Passage on Board a Ship bound for *London* the next Day ; but meeting with very bad Weather, they were forced to make the first Port they could. They made several Attempts to reach *Lynn* Harbour, but in vain ; however, after the most dismal Prospect that a raging Storm, mountainous Seas, encircling Sands, and a shattered Ship could present, they got safe into *Yarmouth*—Our Hero, having near two hundred Pounds about him of religious Plunder, resolved to go the rest of his Journey by Land, therefore set out for *Norwich* ; there recollecting, that it was about the Time of *Newmarket* Meeting, he threw off
his

his gloomy Covering, and fitted himself with a Suit of Cloaths in Taste; after which he set out for the Sod, and arrived the first Day of Sport—Here he managed Matters so well, that in three Days he was worth five hundred Pieces, with which he came to Town in Triumph.

Again he commenced Beau, and lived in a State of Affluence. Before he had been in Town a Fortnight, he had the Pleasure to see his Friend *Trickwell*, almost in Rags; upon which Occasion, to shew the Difference of their Dispositions, he gave him ten Guineas to make a Push with; and was told by him, that Captain *Parade* had been broke about three Months before for Cowardice; having, a little before that Disgrace, lost the greater Part of his Fortune at Play—These Circumstances gave *Hazard* to understand, that he was not the only unfortunate Rascal living; and, placed in a comparative Light with his own, made him very well pleased with his Situation.

C H A P.

C H A P. IX.

Hazard gets into a Scrape — And next into Goal — Falls Sick; is humanely treated by a Half-pay Officer — Is reduced to the Begging-grate — Is very unexpectedly released.

ONE Evening in a Coffee-house, being most grossly insulted by a Person he knew nothing of, he was provoked to chastise the Offender with half a Dozen smart Blows with a Stick, one of which broke his Head, for which he was indicted in the *Crown Office*; and before he got quit of the Scrape, he was stripped of all the Money, indifferent Luck at Play, and expensive Living, had left him, amounting to near two hundred Pounds: Nor did his ill Luck stop here, for not being able to satisfy the Demands of some impatient Creditors, he was thrown into the *King's Bench Prison*, for a Debt of thirty Pounds, at the Suit of a Tradesman, who had at different Times received

received near one Thousand from him, besides owing several good Customers to his Recommendations — A strong Instance of Gratitude !

Being now in Crib, as the Phrase goes, he was obliged to bend his Thoughts once more to the Means of immediate Subsistence ; and not knowing any other Method, had Recourse to his Friend the Publisher of the *Bloody Murders*, to whom therefore he applied with Success, as to getting Employment, but found himself obliged to compound for much worse Terms than before ; for the worthy Printer, very humanely considering his Situation, gave *Dick* such Prices as he thought proper, well knowing that the necessitous Wretch was obliged to take what he could get.

In this Manner he kept himself a small Degree above Beggary for six Months, at the End of which Time he was seized with a violent Fever ; and not being furnished with Money to buy Necessaries, he must have infallibly

fallibly died, had not a Half-pay Lieutenant shared the very little he and a Family subsisted upon with our Hero, who was nursed by the Veteran's Wife with great Tendernefs — A Woman, who had Merit to deserve the greatest Happiness, and Good-nature to communicate it wherever Distress called.

Thro' the Humanity of this Couple our Hero recovered from extreme Illness, but continued very weak, and made a most dismal Figure ;

*Meagre and very rueful were his Looks,
For Misery had worn him to the Bone.*

He was entirely unable to make such Application to his Pen, as to gain a necessary Supply ; so that Indigence forced him into a Place called the *Begging Grate*, where the Prisoners subsist upon charitable Donations : And here he met another military Gentleman, who had served as an Adjutant, and being obliged to mortgage his Half-pay on a very justifiable Account, had no other Means of Subsistence than his Share of public Benefactions. Several
other

other Objects worthy a better Fate here presented themselves, languishing under the tyrannical Power of merciless Creditors.

Hazard was now in the ninth Month of his Imprisonment, and the third of extreme Indigence; when one Day he was called to a Gentleman, who informed him, that he had got his Discharge, and desired him to step into a Coach that was attending; which he immediately did, with as much Satisfaction as his Surprize at so unexpected an Event, and his languid State of Mind would admit.

The Coach being ordered into the City, our Hero was brought to a Place, where his unknown Friend told him, the Materials of Cloaths, &c. which he was very deficient in, would be furnished according to his Desire, and in the most expeditious Manner: *And Sir, continues he, 'till you get such Things as are necessary for publick Appearance, these Lodgings are at your Command.*

Dick

Dick was so amazed at what he saw and heard, that for some Time he could not demand the Person's Name, who so kindly assisted him: However, at length he proposed the Question; and received for Answer, that it was one who desired to be concealed. *Altho' Sir*, adds he, *I am extremely pleased with being, in any Shape, instrumental to releasing a Gentleman from so melancholy a Situation, as Misfortune had plunged you into; yet I cannot claim any Merit, being only subordinate to Friendship, which shuddered at your Distress.*

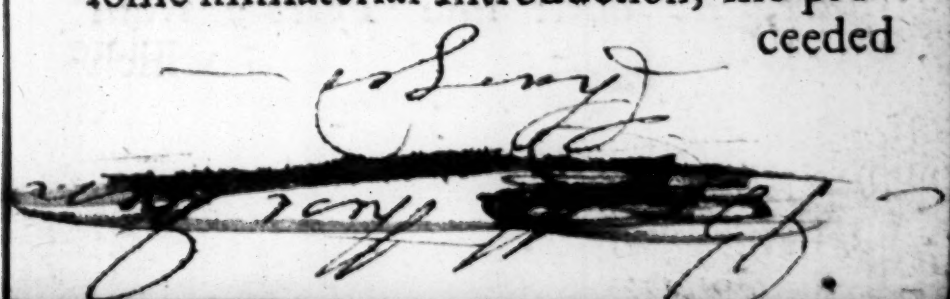
Hazard remained in this State of Suspense for three Days; when, being equipped according to his own Taste, he was presented, by the Agent of Friendship, with a Purse of fifty Guineas, and desired to call at the House of one *Mrs. Letwell*, in *Cheapside* — This he complied with, and upon giving his Name at the Door, was ushered up into a very elegant Dining Room; where we will leave him to contemplate

plate the rich Furniture, and his very odd Situation, 'till the next Chapter.

CHAP. X.

He sees an old Acquaintance — Has an alluring Proposal made him — Rejects it from Principles of Honour and Conscience — Some very unexpected Characters introduced — A Relation of past Incidents, necessary for Explication — Gives a very noble Instance of Gratitude and Generosity — Retires to Ireland, and settles there — The Conclusion.

ABOUT ten Minutes our Hero remained alone; when, upon the Door's opening, Surprize received very great Addition from the Appearance of Miss B——, and a guilty Flame rushing to his Face, he almost sunk with Confusion; but she rescued him from it as soon as possible, by her placid Looks, and affable Address. After some immaterial Introduction, she proceeded



ceeded as follows; while the Self-convinced *Hazard* listened with down-cast Eyes.

Altho, Sir, I have Reason to accuse you of very great Insincerity, yet I decline so ungrateful and profitless a Subject. My unhappy Mother-in-Law, tho' she rivaled my Affection, never lost my Esteem; and when I think of her many engaging Qualifications, I can hardly wonder, that you should precipitate with her into any Act of Extravagance her violent Temper should propose—But to let all this rest; know, I am determined upon giving you a convincing Proof, that my Love continues, and that I dare rely upon your Integrity. My Fortune is forty thousand Pounds; and if that Sum can compensate such Deficiencies, as may appear in my Composition, you shall be Master of it and my Person, in a legal Way, whenever you please.

Our Hero was raised to such a State of Mind, by concurring Circumstances, that after some Efforts to speak, he burst into Tears; from which

which Effusion of an agitated Mind, he gained Power of Utterance : When, addressing himself to the Lady, *Oh ! Madam, (cries he) how is it possible your Good-nature can extend itself to so unworthy an Object ? a Man, who has for ten Years past hurried thro' such various Profligacy as cannot be paralleled.*

—The Situation I have been just relieved from by your matchless Bounty, for my Freedom could have no other Source ; that Situation, I say, tho' very miserable, was much better than I deserved : Nay, my own Reason tells me, that Existence, bare Existence, is too great Indulgence for so consummate a Wretch ; then think not of prostituting so much Goodness, for all Fortune is poor compared with a noble Mind, to one who cannot possibly deserve it.

To this Miss B—— replied ; that if she had a Mind to overlook his past Errors, and depend upon his future Amendment, she did not imagine he had any Right to decline her Proposal. Here, fetching a deep Sigh, he said,
Ab !

Ab! Madam, why will you urge me upon a Subject, where I cannot speak without the utmost Pain—But since you will bring me to a Point, which I have long wished in Oblivion, I must inform you, that I am not at my own Disposal. I was married before I came to England, to a very amiable and valuable Woman; but hurried away by vicious Passions, and encouraged by an unhappy Wretch of dissolute Principles, I left her in such a Condition, as your tender Nature would shrink to bear: But I shall spare you the Pain, and conclude with observing, that if she is alive (and I have never heard any Thing to the contrary) worthless as I am, she claims me for a Property.

The young Lady, having expressed some Surprize at the Circumstance of his being married; added, she hoped, if, upon Enquiry, he could not find his Wife, that then her Proposition would prove acceptable. To this he replied, with the greatest Profusion of Gratitude, that his Life should be
at

at her Disposal. Having promised to call on her the next Day, this Visit concluded, and our Hero went immediately to his late Lodging in *Southwark*, and gave the Family that took Care of him ten Guineas ; adding thereto many solemn Promises, that if his Abilities increased, he would give them a much larger Proof of his Gratitude. He then gave his military Companion in the Begging-grate five Guineas, and five more he gave to the common Box. This Disposition of twenty Guineas, out of the Fifty he had received, gave much truer Satisfaction than any Enjoyment he ever tasted in the Splendor of Life ; they in a great Measure balmed his hurt Mind, and gave struggling Virtue an easier Birth.

The next Day he went at the appointed Hour. Miss *B*—— received him with her usual Good-nature ; and told him, that she hoped he was in better Spirits than at the former Visit : To which, being answered in the Affirmative,

firmative, says she, *I am very glad of it, for I expect Company, and I would not have you appear melancholy—Oh ! here they are, I hear a Knock at the Door ;* so saying, she ran to the Stair-case, and ushered in—our Hero's Wife, and a charming Boy. Here all Description fails—for the Appearance of Things I must refer the Reader to his or her Imagination ; and only say, that while his Wife fainted, *Dick* remained immoveable, a Statue of Surprise. The Lady being recovered, and *Hazard* rousing from the Lethargy of Astonishment, he threw himself at her Feet, and said a great deal suitable to their Circumstances ; which here recited, would occasion painful Prolixity : Wherefore let it suffice to observe, that after our Hero received the Forgiveness of his Wife, he was introduced to the Boy, whom he left his Wife pregnant with. This occasioned another Scene of Tenderness—He next was presented to a Gentleman

man who came in with his Wife, whom he found to be his Brother-in-Law; and what yet more surprized him, the Husband of Miss B——. This unaccountable and almost irreconcilable Group of Incidents, coming upon him at once, filled him with a most impatient Curiosity to be informed of such Points, as might lead him out of the Toil in which Reason was held Captive. This Satisfaction Mrs. *Blissfull*, formerly Miss B——, proposed giving, as being best acquainted with most of the Incidents necessary for Explication; for which kind Proposition, having received his Thanks, she proceeded thus.

About six Months after my Intention of a Marriage with you was, happily for us both, frustrated, this Gentleman, my Husband, came to England from the East Indies, where he had acquired a very handsome Fortune; and happening to cultivate an Intimacy with me, proposed a Marriage: Which Proposal I was induced to agree to, by many valuable

M

able

able Qualifications that appeared in him, and a great Conformity of Tempers between us ; so that, after about four Months Courtship, we were married—I should have told you, that the Loss my Father sustained upon a particular Occasion, which you might have heard of (here it may not be unnecessary to observe, that Miss B—— had so much Tenderness to Hazard, as never to point him out as her Mother-in-Law's Paramour) deprived him of Life, in a short Time ; whereby, being of Age, I became Mistress of myself—My Husband having a strong Inclination to see his native Land, from which he had been long absent, and those of his Relations who might be alive, we resolved upon a Journey thither ; which Resolution was put in Practice, and we got safe to Dublin, where my Husband soon, upon Enquiry, found out his Sister. She and I became particularly intimate, so far, that we communicated many Secrets, or what we thought such, to each other ; when, upon relating some of my past Follies,

Follies, I came to mention your Name. It gave your Wife so much Concern, that I was induced to ask her the Cause ; which, for some Time, she declined to mention : However, at last she told me, in the tenderest Manner I assure you, of her Marriage, and your leaving her. My Husband having purchased an Estate, which had belonged to some of his Ancestors, we determined to settle in Ireland, and accordingly have lived there ever since. Your Father, having been informed of your Wife's Merit, and your Treatment of her, shortly after your Departure came to Dublin, and lived with her 'till the Time of his Death ; at which Period, having been very intimate with us, and taking a particular Liking to my Husband, he left his whole Fortune to him, in Trust for you, making your Wife a particular Allowance, upon Conditions that you reformed, and became a good Husband ; or in Case of your Failure in those Respects, to your Son here, but not 'till your Death.

Your Wife often pressed him to solicit your Return ; but he said, since you had thrown off the Duty of a Son, he was resolved upon not giving you any Countenance : And he insisted, upon Pain of his utmost Displeasure, that she should not give you any Information of the State of Affairs ; saying, he was very well convinced, that one Time or other you would reduce yourself to a State of Consideration, at which happy Period he impowered my Husband to deliver up his Trust to your Care. The Time is now arrived, and I believe you will find, that your Father's Confidence was not misplaced.

Here Hazard again shed Tears, but was soon rouzed from that State, by being reminded, that such Passions did not suit his Bridal-day ; which this, as Mrs. *Blissfull* observed, might be truly called. He acknowledged the Truth of what she said, and cleared up his Looks.

Our Hero, now possessed of a very plentiful Fortune, thought once again
of

of his Companions in Misery; and, without letting any Person know his Intentions, he called at the Prison, enquired into the Affairs of his two military Acquaintances, one of whom owed forty, and the other thirty Pounds; he paid their Debts, Prison-fees, &c. and presented the Person who had treated him so humanely in his Illness, with a Bank Bill of five hundred Pounds, and to the Adjutant he gave one of two Hundred. Having done this, and released half a Dozen more distressed Persons of Merit, to each of whom he gave small Sums, he set out with his Wife, his Brother-in-Law, &c. for *Ireland*; where he settled, and gave his Wife's Daughter, when marriageable, five thousand Pounds Portion, in Lieu of the two Thousand he had borrowed of her Mother ten Years before.

Now, Fellow Traveller, that is, Friend Reader, we have got to the End of our Journey, I hope without Fatigue upon your Side; and as I have all along been very cautious of intruding

ing

ing any Reflections of my own upon your Understanding, I humbly hope the Indulgence of pointing out some Inferences, which may be drawn from the preceding Sheets.

First then it may be observed, that a Neglect of filial Obedience is productive of the worst Consequences; that indulging Passions, even the most trivial ones, is very pernicious; for this good Reason, that the Encouragement of one begets another, and so on, 'till a Man sinks below a Brute — In the Composition of human Nature, the Passions are introduced for the most noble and valuable Purposes; but if once suffered to predominate, Ruin ensues; like the Elements of Fire and Water, they are absolutely essential in a subordinate Sense, but should never be allowed to pass due Bounds.

From some Passages which have occurred it appears, that our Hero had some Seeds of Virtue in his Mind, but their Growth was long intercepted by the Weeds of Vice; which, shooting
up

up in the rank Soil of a warm Imagination, had nearly smothered every Principle of Worth.

Upon the Whole, from the constant Misery (for even his Pleasures were such forced ones, as hardly to deserve that Name) *Hazard* lived in for ten Years; the Misfortunes and Vicissitudes he laboured under for the major Part of that Time, every one of which would have been prevented by a prudential Obedience of parental Advice and Authority; we may safely conclude, that Disobedience in Children, whatever pleasing Prospects they may form, is the Foundation of future Misery. And to this we may add, that as the Libertine of either Sex can never enjoy any other Pleasures than such as are meerly sensual, he or she is, tho' placed in an Epitome of *Mabometan Paradise*, a truly miserable Creature; and as such, at one Time or other of Life, the Mirrour of Reason will indubitably represent the Object to itself.

F I N I S.

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